

Culture

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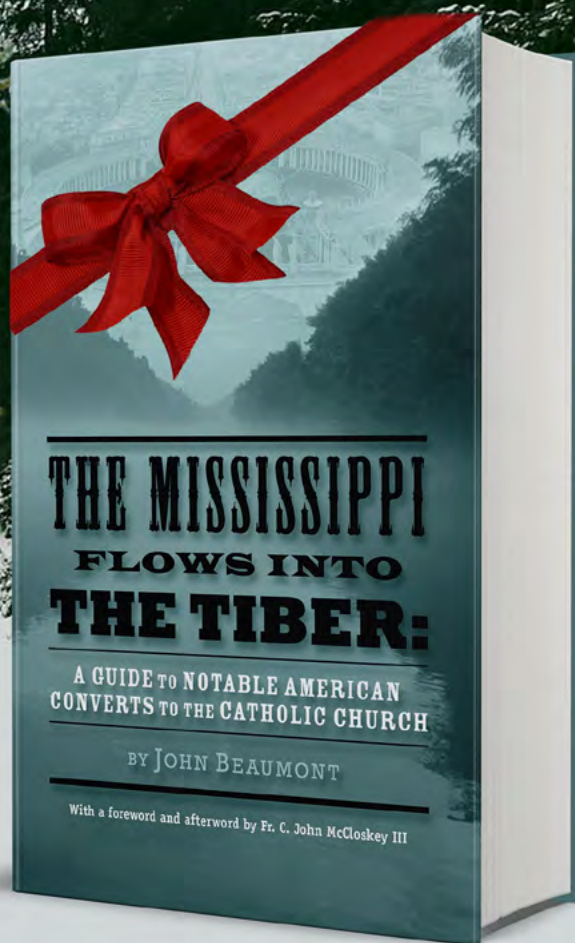
January 2021



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Culture Wars

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E. Michael Jones, Ph.D.

Business Manager

Ruth P. Jones

Managing Editor

Alyssa Rangel

Typesetting and Layout

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Send editorial mail and nonreturnable manuscripts to the address listed above, or via Email to:

Jones@culturewars.com

Fax: (574) 289-1461

Phone: (574) 289-9786

General inquiry: info@culturewars.com

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LETTERS

BUILDING IN MANHATTAN

Hello, old friend. I hope all is well with you. The magazine certainly seems to be flourishing. Which just goes to show there is some justice to be had in this world, after all.

Things are plugging along here with me. These days I travel into Manhattan from Exton, PA three or four mornings a week on average, to oversee the installations my small contracting company is doing.

Since being classified as “essential” in June, the construction industry has been going gangbusters ever since. Even with the latest upsurge in COVID-19 cases now being reported across the country, the big construction management firms we work under as a “sub-contractor” in NYC seem determined to keep things moving by enforcing basic safety protocols on their job sites, and dealing with the odd positive test result by sending that individual home for 14 days.

Having experienced a few months of total shutdown last Spring, it seems the construction industry as a whole is determined not to let that happen again. Whether they/we will succeed in keeping things open remains to be seen.

For a little more context, the company I started in 1974 out of my one bedroom apartment now trades in specialty finishes that get installed in office buildings and other public spaces. Mostly what we do is “acoustical wall and ceiling treatments.” An even more generic term would be “fabric-wrapped panels.” We do business in both the Philadelphia region and the metro NYC area.

Philadelphia took much longer to rebound from the 2008 recession and as a result, the NYC metro area now represents approximately 75%-80% of our activity.

About six years ago I stopped having anything to do with our Philadelphia “division,” and I also stopped having anything to do with sales (praise Allah). Now I just function as an “operations manager” for our NYC work – making sure men and materials get where they need to go. I may have been a decent little salesperson in my day, but it turns out I am really an “organizer” and “facilitator” at heart. Being able to hand sales off to a few younger guys in the office and concentrate my efforts solely on our NYC “field staff” has given me a new lease on life.

And being able to immerse myself in a much larger market has also been good for my perspective.

In both NY and PA we work almost exclusively in a new construction environment, which usually takes the form of a major renovation or re-build. We typically come in at the tail end of a months-long “tenant build-out.” The irony is we are finishing these gleaming spaces in office towers where very few people have come back to work. Most of the projects we are doing now were in the pipeline when the pandemic first hit. But the momentum has been considerable and we will finish 2020 on a very strong note.

The question on everybody’s mind is, what will the first and second quarter of 2021 look like? There is a slew of new work we continue to bid on and be awarded. We can only hope these tentative deals will move forward, since as I say many of the employees

destined to occupy these yet-to-be-built office spaces are still operating from home.

Anyway, that’s some of the news from Lake Woebegone.

Bob Cavanaugh
Exton, Pennsylvania

MEDIA COUP D'ETAT

The evidence given by Sidney Powell, Smartmatic and the media coup d’etat in the United States.

I am a native Venezuelan and a philosopher. In 1999 I was the Chair of the Graduate Studies in Philosophy of the Universidad Simón Bolívar in Caracas. In that capacity I fought against Hugo Chávez’s Communist tyranny, especially against its attempts to control our universities. In 2001 I was threatened but I kept working for the republic, although I knew it was dangerous. In 2002 Chávez was ousted for a couple of days. When he came back, the media did not dare to have me again in their outlets, so I decided it was time to leave the country. I left for the USA and I stayed there until 2005. That year I got a job in Chile, and that is where I am now.

I saw the entire November 19th press conference given by the Trump legal team thanks to the independent Internet outlets such as Lifesitenews. I thought that they were entirely right, very clear, and that they provided all the evidence they could provide. Immediately after, I saw CNN’s statement about the press conference. According to one of the network’s reporters, the conference was “so banana and so biased” that they decided not to air it for the American public.

This was absolutely outrageous. How is it possible that journalists could in good conscience hide from the public such an important press conference given by the legal team of the President and one of the candidates for an election that is not closed? The levels of manipulation to which the people of the USA have been subjected are almost totalitarian.

Then I turned to Tucker Carlson, one of the few journalists in Fox News who still commanded a bit of my respect. But I was very surprised and very shocked when I saw the report of his November 19th evening show in Fox News: "Tucker Carlson: Time for Sidney Powell to Show Us Her Evidence."¹ Carlson seems to ignore (according to Fox's report of his show, which one cannot watch) the evidence Sidney Powell brought, which is all that can be brought right now: she has an affidavit of a Venezuelan military who tells how the tyranny programmed the machines to do a fraud in Venezuela (his identity cannot be revealed because his family would be immediately killed); she stated that there are statistic patterns that show electronic manipulation of the results. All the legal team showed that the company, Smartmatic, is connected now to Soros, a financier of the Democratic Party. What else can she do right now?

My experience and what I saw in this press conference and its aftermath tells me that the USA is at the brink of falling into a Communist tyranny. A very peculiar trace of the case of the USA seems to be that it would be pressed on the majority of the people by a whole class of plutocrats, the owners of big media and big tech prominent among

them. Normally the Communists have come from part of the elite and they have become the only plutocrats after they conquer political power. But in the USA the story would be different: it would be the very plutocrats preexisting the tyranny who would impose it on the vast majority of the people. The attitude of the journalists might be due to many causes, one of them being the fear to face the grim prospect of a totalitarian tyranny. In these situations, always those who tell the truth are seen as a Jeremiah, a prophet of doom.

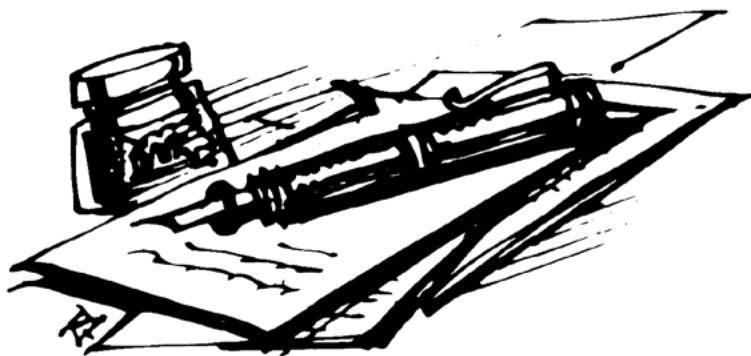
Cheer up! The USA may escape this doom, because it has a group of patriots who actually wield important power (since the constitutional president is still Trump) and who are willing to confront

the oligarchy. The tragedy is that an important portion of the population does not know it because the plutocrats, using their power in turn, hide the reality of the situation.

But I want to give the reader a bit of the background that leads me to say what I am saying. I want to present Smartmatic's story and the case of the 2004 recall referendum in Venezuela. Briefly.

Smartmatic was founded in 1999 by Alfredo Anzola and Antonio Mugica. Its first big business was the 2004 recall referendum in Venezuela, where the people had to vote if they wanted to oust Chávez from the presidency of the country. The organization of Smartmatic for this voting act was completed, actually, by Cuban agents who had

Culture Wars welcomes letters to the editor. Preference will be given to letters which deal with topics discussed in the magazine. Letters should ideally be limited to one single-spaced page, but we know how difficult it is to follow ideals in this world. Letters can be sent by fax to 574-289-1461; or by electronic mail to jones@culturewars.com.



designed or bought the software and who sold it to Smartmatic under the name of Bizta². The Carter Center and the OAS were the only two foreign observers. An opposition organization, Súmate, organized a secret exit poll. The night of the voting, before implementing any of the mandatory audits of the system and the votes-count, President Carter “acknowledged” Chávez’s victory, allegedly based on the confluence of the pre-election polls and the results. The opposition was indignant because there were clear signs of a huge fraud. For example: the information should have flowed through the Smartmatic system from the voting centers to the counting centers and only in that direction. But during the afternoon, the information began to flow in both directions. Moreover, the exit polls showed that the ousting had won.³ So, the opposition asked for the mandatory audits, the matching of the paper ballots with the electronic results in some of the voting centers. A few were performed the next day and were disastrous for Chávez. So, the audit was suspended. The army took control of the paper ballots and a couple of days later burned them. But many of our (Venezuelan) excellent statisticians proved that the official results were mathematically impossible unless there had been manipulation of the data by the system.⁴ Of course, the Carter Center always denied this because this statistical evidence showed to all who have eyes to see that Jimmy Carter was a tyrant lover and responsible for the systematic destruction and plundering of Venezuela.

After another referendum about Chávez’s reelection that took place

in December 2007, Alfredo Anzola had some disagreements with the National Council for Elections because, although the government was unable to cheat due to the opposition of General Isaías Raúl Baduel, still they reduced the defeat to 49-51. On April 27, 2008 there was another strong disagreement concerning the cost that some government agents wanted to charge to Smartmatic for petty services. Anzola was not aware of the way in which the devil pays. That night agents of the tyranny found out that Anzola had planned a trip for the next day, to Curazao. When Anzola and his attorney took off, the airplane fell and crashed killing its three occupants and 6 persons on land. When journalists went to the scene of the accident the DISIP (the political police) and the Minister of Internal Affairs (Ramón Rodríguez Chacín) had the zone surrounded and its agents took the wounded and dead to a nearby hospital. At the hospital, they say, was present none other than the President of the National Council for Elections who apparently wanted to make sure that Anzola was dead.⁵ That is how only Antonio Mugica was left with Smartmatic.

The next year, in 2009, Smartmatic designed and implemented the electoral registration of bio-data in Bolivia.⁶ Once more, the Carter Foundation vouchsafed for the excellence of Smartmatic’s work. But we all know that the Bolivian system is very much open to fraud. The 2019 fraud is universally known,⁷ but there was fraud in 2020 as well.⁸

In 2014 Smartmatic was bought by Lord Mark Malloch-Brown. This man had been vice president of Quantum Fund, which belongs

to Soros; and he had also been member of the Board of the Open Society Institute and was then a member of the International Crisis Group. He has been connected to Soros since 1993. Actually, in the board of the International Crisis Group, one can find (in 2017), besides Malloch-Brown, George Soros and Joanne Leedom-Ackerman, connected to “soft coups.” Soros is an important financier of the Democratic Party and has participated in the Ukrainian coup d’état in 2014 where he organized and trained the activists of the movement Euromaidan.⁹

Soros is actually a sinister character who has been forbidden to enter Russia,¹⁰ Hungary¹¹ and who seems to be untouchable in the USA. Actually, journalist Isabel Cuervo was fired along with her bosses from a public USA Tv network, Radio y televisión Martí, for having made a documentary in which she showed Soros’ dubious connections in Colombia, and Soros’ connections with Smartmatic and the elections in Venezuela. She was accused of being an anti-semitic.¹²

But this is not the end of the strange connection that one can make between Smartmatic and fraud, corruption and elections. In 2019 there was a public bidding to determine what firm was going to provide the electronic system to count the votes in Argentina. Since 2004 Smartmatic had an interest in this “market.” There seems to be a connection between Antonini Wilson, a man who was arrested with a briefcase containing 800,000 dollars cash at one of the Buenos Aires airports, and Smartmatic.¹³ Be it as it may, it is clear that in the end Smartmatic got what it wanted.

Despite the Spanish firm, Indra, which had much better technical qualifications, due to the pressures of Jorge Born Jr., connected to Smartmatic and financier of then President Macri, Smartmatic got the contract and took control of the Argentinian elections, where the Communist candidate, Alberto Fernández, connected to Cristina [Fernández] Kirchner, became President last year.¹⁴

Dear free people of the USA. Of course there are plenty of reasons to be concerned regarding the presence of Smartmatic in the Presidential elections of your country! Sidney Powell is entirely right and she has brought all the evidence that can be brought forward at this stage of the issue. I think the danger of this mingling of Smartmatic and its entourage with the U.S. election is so big that if the Trump campaign and the public force are unable to bring down the conspiracy of the Democratic Party and big media and big tech, I am almost certain that the republic of the USA will die and a new tyranny will rise. A tyranny foretold by George Orwell in *Animal Farm*, the marriage of Kamala Harris and her buddies supported by China et al. (the Communists), on the one hand, and the plutocrats, on the other. May God prevent this or else protect us all!

Carlos A. Casanova
Professor of the Pontifical
Catholic University of Chile

1 Available here: <https://www.foxnews.com/opinion/tucker-carlson-rudy-giuliani-sidney-powell-election-fraud>; 2 “Carlos Julio Peñaloza: Una extraña muerte en Smartmatic,” La Patilla, September 11th 2013. Available here: <https://www.lapatilla.com/2013/09/11/carlos-julio-penaloza-una-extrana-muerte-en-smartmatic/>;

3 The evidence of fraud is overwhelming. See <http://webarticulista.net.free.fr/ta200617092349+Tulio-Alvarez+Informe+fraude-electoral+referendum-revocatorio+venezuela.html>; and <http://webarticulista.net.free.fr/fraudedemocracfinal.html>; 4 See the papers by (1) Pericchi and Torres, (2) Delfino and Salas, (3) Prado and Sansó, (4) Hausmann and Rigobó, (5) Jiménez, in Project Euclid 26/4 (2011); “Carlos Julio Peñaloza: Una extraña muerte en Smartmatic” (cited).; See their website: <https://www.smartmatic.com/es/experiencia/articulo/case-study-5-es/> (November 20th 2020).; “Informe de la OEA concluye que hubo ‘manipulación y parcialidad’ en los comicios del 20 de octubre,” BBC News, December 5th 2009. See: <https://www.bbc.com/mundo/noticias-america-latina-50666779>; See the study by profesor Jorge Videla: https://mobile.facebook.com/jorge.valda.33/posts/pcb.10159427229429903/?photo_

ELF REVIEW

I recently saw a media holiday film preview segment meant to highlight “classic Christmas films.” Maybe I’m dating myself, but I anticipated hearing a list of films like “It’s A Wonderful Life,” “Miracle on 34th Street,” or possibly even “Home Alone.”

So imagine my surprise when the first film mentioned was “Elf,” the 2003 film written by David Berenbaum and directed by Jon Favreau (not the Obama speechwriter). A Christmas classic, really?!, I thought.

Although I had seen a few minutes of the film in previous years I had never actually watched the film, so I decided I’d investigate and see if I could bear watching the whole film. I couldn’t, but I did view most of it as a research project.

It didn’t dawn on me what it was about this film that I took an instant dislike to before I had ever really seen most of it. But after having suffered through most of it, I’ve pinpointed why this film certainly ranks as one of the most insulting, offensive films to ever lay claim as a Christmas movie.

Turns out, rather than a movie about Christmas or even with a Christmas theme, this film is actually an anti-Christmas film that mockingly inverts the Christian holiday and its underlying message. It’s not surprising that a Christmas film written and directed by two Jews (Berenbaum, the writer and director Favreau whose father has French Canadian heritage and mother was Russian Jewish) would turn out to omit anything remotely related to the actual meaning of the Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Of course, Christmas films and television specials that drill home the hard core message of consumerism and focus around childish myths about Santa Claus and Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer have been around for decades.

But, digging deeper, I discovered “Elf” had something even more disturbing underneath its whimsical, nostalgic music and childish imagery. Its plot is actually an outright inversion of the Christian Nativity.

Will Ferrell’s character, Buddy, is a fully grown human man who was mistakenly transported as a child and then raised as an elf at Santa’s North Pole workshop. The film centers on Buddy’s quest to connect with the New York father whom he never knew and Buddy’s failures to fit in with his father’s world.

Having wiped out any cultural vestiges of the actual Christian message (God the Father sends his Son to humanity out of His love for mankind), this Jewish-created film turns that message on its head with the new secular mythology of Santa Claus.

In the new, secular Jewish mythology of “Elf,” the son (Buddy) comes down from “up there” – the North Pole, rather than Heaven, in this case – to search among humans for his father. It turns out his father (played by James Caan) isn’t much of a father and wants nothing to do with him, although he isn’t beyond a change of heart to make sure this holiday film has a happy ending, of course.

In the end we wind up with a film that is a direct, Jewish inversion of the true story of the Nativity of Our Lord, using all the trappings of the secularized new message of Christmas that has become a central family tradition that people see as symbolic of the Christmas holiday.

After all, isn’t the central message of our new secular, Jew-ified cultural celebration of Christmas that there’s nothing meaningful about the actual Christmas story?! Best we ignore anything about the True Story of Christmas and focus on the real message : consumerism!

Isn’t that the definition of a true “Christmas movie classic”?! Seems more like a Jewish bait-and-switch to me.

John Mohan
Boston, MA

HOLY HATRED

In the title of his November review of the film *Infidel* starring Jim Caviezel, E. Michael Jones asks a question that may be disconcerting to Catholic readers, namely, “Does Christ hate Iran?” Discomfort arises because Catholics associate Christ with love and mercy and not with hatred. Jones provides relief by clarifying that the question is not really his – he knows that Christ does not hate Iran – but rather is implied as a possibility by the film itself. Described by Jones as an anti-Iranian propaganda tool, the film seeks to sway public opinion against Iran (p. 44), even resorting to hate speech (p. 46). Therefore, it is disappointing that a public Catholic layman like Jim Caviezel would consider his role in the film to be an appropriate career move.

Assuming general agreement that Christ does not hate Iran and that the very idea is preposterous, it would nevertheless be a mistake to assume that Christ does not hate anyone or anything. Two scriptural examples come to mind in which “hate” (Latin *odisse*) is specifically attributed to the Divinity. In Proverbs 6:16-19, it is stated that God “hates” six things and abominates a seventh. The hated things are listed as haughty eyes, a lying tongue, hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that plots wicked schemes, feet that run swiftly to evil, a false witness who utters lies, and (worst of all) he who sows discord among brothers. In Revelation 2:6, Christ actually commends the church at Ephesus for hating the same thing He hates. “But this thou hast: thou hatest the works of the Nicolaites, which I also hate.” So it is a mis-

take to imagine that the perfection of love, as found in Christ, excludes hatred of evil. Nor does this mysterious coexistence of love and hatred in any way detract from the status of Christ as Prince of Peace.

Getting back to Iran, it is logical to suppose that Christ loves Iran and the Iranian people and hates anything that threatens their true well-being.

Lise Anglin
Toronto

ARCHITECTURE

What you mentioned about the side room at Hillsdale is interesting. Is this room on any form of display or have any purpose other than a pseudo priest hole, and is it the room that holds the stained glass windows? Is what you're working on now primarily on the aesthetics of church architecture? Sorry for so many questions. On a side note, I came across a guy by the name of Howdie Mickoski. He has a few books on ancient structures but there is a book, I have yet to read it but it's on the way, about the Worlds Fairs from 1851 in England to American cities up until the 1920s. It looks like Rome at it's height. Mickoski took photos from Fairs held in cities like Buffalo, Chicago and New York City and asked a contractor what it would take to create such buildings. The contractor said it would take thousands of men at least 2 years to build just one, and there is evidence than some of these Roman-styled coliseums were constructed in weeks. After the fairs ended (they lasted for about 6 months) everything was demolished and hauled away to landfills.

A few buildings remain at the sites. I will explore this further when I get the book, but when I heard about Greco-Roman styled buildings and Gothic cathedral-quality architecture being built in the 1900s in American cities, I immediately thought of you.

Spencer Meadows
spencermeadows@yahoo.com

IRAN AND INFIDEL

Thank you, Mr. Jones, for "Does Christ Hate Iran," your review of the movie, *Infidel*. Well, we know who hates Iran, and how they get certain...uh... CHRISTians to do their dirty work for them. Here's how:

A strange and ominous mating is taking place before our eyes. Here's the bride in Boobus Mall waddling through aisles stacked high with wretched excess. Along comes Zion. Despite a yokel distrust of the city slicker, his advances were not rebuffed, because the Holy Rollers, too, anxiously await the longed-for Final Solution of Zion's enemies. Why? What's in it for them?

Well, everything! Here's the deal. Jesus will come only when the world's Jews are forgathered in Jerusalem at last, driving Arabs and other Christian sects out. And when He comes, don't you just know it? He'll cast every man jack into Hell (and good riddance!) except the Believers. As for the Jews – so goes this scenario – exactly 144,000 of them will convert and be saved.

But best of all, during the weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth at Armageddon, the Believers, instead of suffering the death we all

deserve, will just skip the undignified event altogether and be "raptured," cholesterol and all, instantly skyward, where they'll waddle down aisles in Heaven Mall forever, gawking at junk.

For Zion, tense with the Endgame, this large willing religious floozy came as a godsend, so he put a bag over her head and consummated the marriage.

On Sept. 10, 2020, Gov. Murphy decreed "Juneteenth" a holiday in NJ. On June 19, 1865, slaves in Galveston, Texas, were notified that they had been freed by the Emancipation. Great news at the time, of course, but Texas is a long way from NJ, and it happened several generations ago, and NJ was not involved in slavery. Well, okay, but still, Gov. Murphy, like everyone else in post-Floyd America, must bend over backwards to right the wrongs of yesteryear. Murphy signed the decree in company with hip hop artist SZA, a black girl raised in Maplewood, NJ, who has given us the name of a new affliction she claims to suffer from, called PTSS, Post Traumatic Slave Syndrome.

Phew! 'Fortunately, not being black, I'm spared that. But I do suffer from another new affliction. It's called White Guilt.

Dale Walker
teeweed19842@gmail.com

MODERN DILEMMA

Should Jews be allowed to run rampant over societies until the Church can regain Her strength ("where the Church is strong the Jews are weak")? Or should we throw our lot in with men of action who agree with us on the

Jewish question, but who are not Catholic, and use other identities/narratives as a rallying point?

In Dorothy Day's words we have to "help bring about the kind of society where it is easier to be good." "Waiting on God" risks presumption. If the salvation of souls is the highest law, then surely the number of souls lost in this Jewish interregnum gives us our answer to this modern dilemma.

Thomas Sutton
Chicago, IL

GEORGE FLOYD

I am writing regarding your comments about George Floyd. According to news reports Mr. Floyd's autopsy showed a fatal level of fentanyl in his system rather than a trace amount. In a previous arrest, Mr. Floyd had swallowed the illegal drugs he intended to sell to hide the evidence. He was hospitalized and recovered. He likely did the same thing in his last encounter with the police but the ambulance got lost and did not arrive in time to revive him. Whatever one thinks of the neck restraint used by the police, it did not inhibit Mr. Floyd's breathing and was not the cause of his death. It is dismaying but typical that the subject of police use of force has become an occasion for anti-white race baiting instead of rational discussion. As the police would say: it is the MO [*modus operandi*] of the Invisible Man Behind the Race Riots.

(BTW: our little town had our own riot complete with arson, looting and vandalism)

Theodore M. Van Oosbree
La Mesa, CA

CULTURE OF **DEATH** WATCH



THE BLESSING OF PARKINSON'S DISEASE

Traveling wonder-workers were two-a-penny in first-century Galilee. Many were tricksters, some healers, maybe inspired by God. But who cares about these things? We're talking rising from the dead and that's another matter altogether.

In the end, Jesus smacked me right between the eyes. This is faith, and the Resurrection is more than crucial. Jesus could have been born in a stable, grown up free from sin, worked his wonders and died a criminal's death, and that would have been that. But if Jesus did not rise from the dead, then he is not what he claimed to be, and he was a fraud or a fool, maybe the biggest there ever was, and I'm a

deluded dupe for following him.

So much for faith ... but reason? A man walks the earth, is put to death and comes to life again? Post-war, post-Holocaust, it's been seventy years since then and an-

by David Fisher

other three hundred or more since clever humankind woke from its 200,000-year slumber and dumped God – so I don't take easily to mumbo-jumbo. Sure, I can read Thomas Aquinas and other heavyweights of which the Church has never been short (Where do you think Europe got its universities, its science, its developed Greek philosophy?) I can cite evi-

dence – documentary, forensic and testimonial. Nobody disputes the empty tomb – if they could have disputed it, they surely would have – and the same for the post-Crucifixion sightings and encounters. And the alternatives, that the disciples stole the body, that the appeared "Christ" was an imposter, etc., well, frankly, they're absurd.

The Gospels, all four written by different individuals and at different times, certainly credible in the consistency of the main themes, but also in the inconsistency of the detail – consistent in what was seen, but inconsistent in who saw it and when. Confusion as to who saw what at the empty tomb – all very understandable under

the circumstances. And the juxtaposing of the profound with the banal. When the risen Jesus passes through locked doors, he greets his disciples with a ‘Peace be with you,’ and then asks them if they’ve got anything to eat. And, when they offer the Son of God some broiled fish ... why, he eats it! You couldn’t make it up.

All reason, but still, it’s not enough. I need more, I need something I can believe in, something that rings true. Now, after five years, all I have are these pitiful nuggets.

First, these things didn’t happen all that long ago, I mean, we’re not talking dawn of history here, people could read and write, there were archives, law courts, all kinds of authorities – and we know plenty about the Roman world.

Second, for the God who created, ordered and rules this world, coming to Earth as a man, dying a criminal on a cross and rising from the dead should present no problem at all. And to those who say, “what God, there is no God,” I say, just look around.

Third, if they’d made it up, they sure wouldn’t have done it like that. The main witnesses are women (including a former prostitute), held in those times to be so unreliable as to be unacceptable in a court of law. What first century hasbara merchant worth his salt would cite such a witness? And the honorable and very public burial given to Jesus by one of the hated Sanhedrin – Joseph of Aramathea – which Gospel propagandist, making it all up and planning to steal away the body, would choose such a public and notable setting? And why this Joseph of Aramathea, himself one of ‘the Jews’? Why such a star role for such a hated nobody?



Finally, and crucially, something must have happened, something shattering and mind-boggling, something to transform those who abandoned and betrayed Jesus at his capture and fled from his torture and execution. Cowering in that upper room, locked and bolted ‘for fear of the Jews,’ something must have transformed them into those Apostles who, facing persecution and death, told the world what they’d seen and, changing humankind forever, founded a faith now with 2.2 billion adherents. Even Thomas who had to put his fingers into the wounds in Christ’s hands and his whole hand into the spear wound in his side, even he in the end, went to a martyr’s death. And that same transforma-

tive something must have made those first converts believe – first tens, then hundreds, then thousands (forty days after Christ’s rising, three thousand souls were baptized in one go). What other event, foretold again and again in the Old Testament – one, two, three thousand years ago and then three days previously by Jesus himself – could have been so transformative?

This was the Resurrection.

PARKINSON'S

A tingle in one hand and a tremor in the other sent her to the neurologist who wrote out the prescription for her first batch of drugs.

“What is it?”

“You’ve got Parkinson’s.”

“Impossible.”

In the event, not much happened. He put her on medication and life went on. We went on awesome health regimes and for a while looked like a couple of film-stars. The only giveaway was a tremor on her left side, and we ignored that.

That lasted fifteen years, then another ten as things got slowly worse. Then she quit her job. She'd been struggling for a while, then

stantly and spills food all over the place. Her handwriting's gone to pieces and she can't double-click a mouse or swipe a smartphone. She can just about shuffle round the house. When she's "up" she can't sit still and when she's "down" it's like time has stopped, and when she's "off," it's like the plug's been pulled and she's gone, and I'm left alone.

When I pick up the drugs from the chemist, I carry them home in two carrier bags. Some come in

Some drugs are agonists, meaning they just sharpen up the Madopar. Some are to mitigate the side-effects of others. Clonazepam, usually for seizures and panic disorders, she takes to stop screaming in the night and sometimes attacking me.

"You're screaming ..."

"I'm sorry..."

"...you tried to bite me."

"I'm sorry..."

"...it's not a joke"

"I'm sorry...a bear was chasing me."

She takes quinine too, not for malaria but for cramps.

"Cramp! CRAMP!"

I seize the leg and pound the bunched muscle till she stops screaming. Then I haul her to her feet and prop her up against a wall.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

And I haven't even mentioned my own catastrophes. We spend a lot of time in waiting rooms she and I, where I pass the time observing the other patients and their carers, and I like to say all carers are pretty much the same. Well I hope they are, because if they're not, then I stand alone in my selfish and compassionless rage. Only a stream of *Hail Marys* and "looking for the good" (another favorite of mine), keeps things under control. Some might say I'm repressed. I prefer "contained."

Her illness is at the center of our lives. We talk about it all the time, often chatting quite contentedly. Life goes on but it also closes in. You do less and you see less of other people – partly because you've no desire for company, and partly because people drop you. Oh, they don't mean to, they don't want to and they certainly don't plan to.

Her illness is at the center of our lives.

something happened, some problem, so she told them to sort it out and walked out. From that day, she was the patient and I was her carer. Pretty much just the two of us.

Parkinson's is a degenerative disease which slowly destroys the person, and it's progressive too, which means it's always getting worse – and there's no cure. But there are plenty of management therapies, not to mention the sheer mercy of God, so we're doing fine.

Also, you never know where it begins and where it ends. Is the screaming in the night the Parkinson's or the drugs? Is the back and spine trauma from Parkinson's or from the falls, or from neither, or both? Who knows, but she can age fifteen years in as many seconds and back again in as many more. Most of the time, I struggle to hear her, and she screams in her sleep. She shuffles when she walks, and when she stands, she stoops, bowed like a dying flower. When she's upset, especially when she's disappointed, she cries like a four-year old and is every bit as beautiful. She drops things con-

tubs, some in bottles, some in blister strips in little cardboard boxes. Madopar comes in brown bottles with screw tops which when empty, she uses to sort her daily doses, so they're all over the house. It's her lifeblood, this Madopar, the source of the dopamine she so cruelly lacks, and she consumes it hungrily every three hours.

"I'm going to the shops. Here're the phones. You, okay?"

"I've got to get up."

"No, you don't. You don't have to get up at all. I'll get you up when I get back ... Have you had your medicine?"

"What time is it?"

"Ten past six. I'm going out. Have you had your medicine?"

"No..."

I reach inside the little pouch on her bedrail for the empty brown glass pill bottle, shake it and fish out the one blue capsule.

"Open your mouth"

I place the capsule in her mouth and hand her the plastic water bottle. She drinks greedily. Snorting and coughing, she gulps it down.

"Go back to sleep."

It's just that you fade from their worlds. But they want to be kind, they want to care, they want to help, but there's nothing they can do and they're so, so, sorry – but they want to feel better so, when I bump into one of them at the supermarket and they ask how we are, I know what to say.

“Well, Parkinson's only goes one way, as you know – but when you think how things could be, well... we really are very grateful indeed.”

But what of this “selfish and compassionless rage”? I've told you about her illness and what I think about it, how I administer to her cramps and calm her fears. I could tell you how I manage her medicines, chiding her gently for forgetting her three o' clocks, how masterfully I deal with her falls – so where is this “selfish and compassionless rage”?

It is in the near-savage tightening of the grip on her arm as I help her to her feet, the petty brutality disguised as brisk efficiency as I help her up some steps, the mimicking of her tears when she doesn't feel well, or just the exhalation as I bend to put on her shoes? But enough. I'll say no more of these things. I'll tell all at the proper time and place, I will, I swear. As Father Bogdan, my dear confessor will say to me, “David, you are not God.”

A NORMAL FAMILY

It was a normal North London Jewish community and a normal fifties/early sixties Jewish family. Now, even after all that's happened, I look back with great affection.

We were “twice-a-year Jews” as we used to call them but still, like most of those second and third genera-

tion Jews, our Jewishness filled our lives and though formally not that devout, we adhered to a strong and vibrant community Judaism. Attendance at services was limited and grudging but still, the synagogue and the social activity it generated, was at the center of our lives.

My father was a gentle, quiet man, tolerant and free-thinking. In his lifetime, I didn't give his Jewishness much thought but now he's gone, and though he wouldn't have known what I was talking about, I can see the love of Christ in him. And my mother too was unusually lively in her thinking. A rebel, there was nothing she loved more than to burst a balloon. As for me, I was – first the family *tsaddik* – awfully concerned with God and my Jewishness – and then the family dissident-intellectual – critical of Israel and strangely at odds with other Jews.

I always loved God – it's a family joke how I used to talk to him – but at the time, I thought I was just seeking attention or trying to annoy my father and siblings, (all lifelong atheists), or as a way of being close to my mother, with whom I shared my love for Jewish stories, rituals and prayers.

Boxing Day 1956, my older brother's tenth birthday. We're up-west, to see the latest blockbuster (though I doubt the word was then in use), Cecil B. de Mille's *The Ten Commandments* with Charlton Heston as *Moshe Rabenu* – Moses our Teacher as we knew him in our biblically-shot folklore. Along with Good Pope John, Anne Frank and Esther and Abi Ofarim, the epic is causing pleasure and pride to surge through our Jewish communities and not least in our home in North London.

So far, I've watched the Hebrew slaves in the brickworks and been transfixed at the birth of the soon-to-be Moses, I've followed his progress from the basket on the Nile, to Prince of Egypt, to fugitive from justice, to desert nomad, shepherd, husband and father, witness to God's glory and finally to God's emissary. Soon, it'll be the bit we've been waiting for –how is Mr. de Mille going to part the Red Sea? Then, we'll follow Moses up Mount Sinai to receive the stone tablets inscribed with the eponymous centerpiece – the Ten Commandments – only to hurl them to the ground, a scene captured round the world on a million film posters. Along with the Children of Israel, I'll follow the pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night and, in the morning, I'll gather Manna and join Moses' sister, Miriam in dance.

But one scene stays with me. Moses has warned Pharaoh repeatedly. Nine plagues haven't moved him, but the tenth will, and in the morning, with every other Egyptian first-born son, the Crown Prince will be found dead. With the Queen hysterical, Pharaoh's had enough. Let my people go? Let my people go? Take your wretched people and if I never see them again, that'll be too soon for me!

In the slave quarter, a family prepares for departure. Instructions have been meticulously followed: A lamb slaughtered; the blood daubed on the doorposts – just so the Angel of Death would know where not to enter. *Matzas* have been baked, possessions packed, and the family sit down to their last meal in bondage. The lady of the house leans over to light a stone lamp, a detail so tiny, so in-

significant I doubt Mr. de Mille himself would have noticed it. But I do and so does my mother. In the dark, she leans over and whispers, “David ... look, she’s lighting the *shabbos* candles.”

When I was a child, one of my classmates, David Friedentag, was diagnosed with cancer. I came home from school and found my mother crying at the kitchen table. And this anguish was shared by the whole community. That sabbath in the synagogue, prayers were

confound God! Oh, didn’t they? *Lex Orandi, Lex Credendii.*

When I was around eleven or twelve a set of occurrences began which would end in my parents’ divorce, the breakup of the family and the end of all family and community life. Too sad to relate here, suffice to say those events took place against a backdrop of increasing affluence and confidence. But the more we acquired, the less we had. My free-thinking mother became even freer, but the fre-

adrift. These cruel and lonely years ended only when five years later, I met, fell in love, and married. First thing to note: she was a Catholic. And the second? She was lapsed. Oh, how many times, in how many ways did she tell me how very lapsed she was. It was when they changed the Mass, she said, after all, if they could change that, what couldn’t they change?

Twenty years passed, good years, hard work, children and family. Being modern folk, the last thing we wanted was to impose any faith on our children. But every year we had Christmas, with

a tree and a crib, but also Chanukah. Christmas Eve we sat round the table, the four of us, staring at the blazing menorah. I even lit Sabbath candles, the same clunky silver ones from my home, given to me by my mother.

Thomas Aquinas said beauty was truth made visible.

said for young David. Shrouded in their prayer shawls, the *Cohanim* stood chanting, arms outstretched over the congregation. It seemed to my young eyes so archaic, so ritualized and I asked my father what was happening. “They’re changing David’s name” he whispered, “so the Angel of Death won’t find him.”

David recovered. Perhaps the cancer went into remission, perhaps God’s angel really had been thrown off the scent, perhaps it was never there at all. But I was entranced. “How enchanting,” my seven-year old self, thought, “How magical, how wonderful!”

But now, were those shenanigans so wonderful? Did I really think so? What kind of faith was it that sought to pull the wool over God’s eyes? Did we Jews in our bustling North London community seriously think to know God’s plan better than God himself? Can you imagine such a thing in a Catholic Church? But my mum and dad and all those other young, modern mums and dads, surely nobody believed all that stuff, that they could

er she got, the more entangled she became. My quiet, gentle father grew even quieter but the quieter he got, the less visible he became till he had all but vanished from my sight. And the children – my brother, my sister and me – well, we just sat quietly in our rooms.

They didn’t know it, they still don’t know it, but the same was happening all round us. Jewish history is cyclical. We arrive in a place – always from some other place – cap in hand. We work hard, we obey the law, we do well. But the better we do, the more we acquire, the less we have. We grow confident, too confident, and we never know when to stop, and then it’s too late and we’re on our way again. And, as we looked round at all we had achieved, others were looking at what *they* had achieved. It was 1967, the Fisher family had three cars and the Jews had Jerusalem. Really, it seemed there was nothing we could not do.

By the time these events had run their course, my parents had separated, the family home was sold. I was eighteen and alone and

BUT YER LOVELY DEAR

Five years ago, she underwent DBS (Deep Brain Stimulation). A cluster of electrodes drilled into her brain and wired to a battery in her left breast restored her, for a time, to a much reduced but still, a kind of normality. A modern miracle, if you ask me and if you’re going to say this “miracle” was performed by a human being using modern science and technology, I say, sure, but who created the realities of that science and technology and anyway, who created the human being?

Now, if you’ve a mind to, you can switch her on and off. Every so often they tweak the settings – this one up, that one down. You want to hear her a bit better? Sure, but she might shake a bit more. You

want to cut down on the falls? No problem, but now she can't get up from the toilet seat.

And the falls. Suddenly and from nowhere, they come. I arrive home to her face-down in the kitchen, jammed between the bin and the dishwasher. Her glasses lie bent. Saliva and snot are drooling from mouth and nose. Her leggings are soaked. She's sobbing.

"I can't get up."

"How long you been like this?"

"Since about eleven."

"What happened?"

"I just went to get a drink."

This should be enough, but I'd better confess. It's not callousness or even "selfish and compassionless rage" it's just that it's so much easier to rage than it is to care. So, I tell myself: *She did it on purpose. She didn't want me to go out.*

"Get the fuck up. And wipe your fucking nose."

But you can lengthen the odds: Don't multi-task because the more you try to do, the less you'll concentrate on walking. And outside the house or in any hazardous place – particularly with hard surfaces like the kitchen or bathroom – never, ever walk unaided, because that fall, which meant only shock, bruising and maybe a couple of days on your back to get the balance right again, is instead a broken hip, some caved-in vertebrae and carried out the front door by paramedics, six or seven hours in Emergency, then surgery, then weeks in hospital followed by some more in a care home.

Three years later, the scans show broken bolts, clamps and screws all over the place – the detritus of previous efforts. In a wheelchair for life. *Lots of people are in wheelchairs ... it's not the end of the world...*

there's nothing to be done ... don't cry ... please don't cry.

The top man she was hassled into seeing knew only one surgeon who could perform this kind of thing. In the event, he was an unremarkable-looking Irishman who, just two minutes into the consultation, said he'd do it. He'd seen the scans a week before, he knew the medical history and had plenty of time to research. So, what was left? What else was there to know? What was to know was her. Two minutes into the interview, he decided.

"Ah, but, yer lovely, dear, yer lovely..."

Three massive operations in four days, each eight or nine hours long, involving huge repair and revision work re-structuring her spine – always perilous and immense in their impact, these procedures – but because of her Parkinson's, unprecedented. Preparations went over three months, surgeons, anaesthetists, neurologists, Parkinson's specialists and DBS nurses. It had hardly been done before, let alone on a Parkinson's patient, but he swore blind he could do it.

"Ah, but, yer lovely, dear, yer lovely..."

Anyway, her mind's made up. He got the papers out there and then ... she signed.

For the four days of the operations and for three more, she lay delirious, un- or semi-conscious. I know all her life systems are supported and working, but I just cannot see how any human body can withstand such an assault. But it seems it can. After two weeks in High Dependency, she's in a ward, sitting, eating, walking a little and looking beautiful. In a few days she'll be discharged and though for us, the future can never be certain,

we're full of hope, confidence and gratitude, even only for the three years we got out of it. Three years of mobility – of a sort. She could get round the house, walk from the car to a shop, even do a bit of shopping, though the wheelchair had to be handy – and all relatively pain-free. Another miracle, and now I know, only the latest of many, received and witnessed.

Then another fall. Backwards into an empty bathtub. We put it off for a couple of weeks, it was Christmas and we could manage. But the scans showed two broken vertebrae. They tried to repair the damage but no luck, and they let us go. Nobody likes delivering bad news and nobody likes to admit they've run out of ideas.

And that was that. I felt a peace, relief almost. Nothing more to be done. Out of our hands.

YOU WANT TO PRAY?

Have you ever had a mouse in your home? It moves so fast you hardly see it, but you did and even in that flash, because of its unmistakable, albeit fleeting form and because nothing moves quite like a mouse in a hurry, you just know it's a mouse. So it is with God. You can't see him, you can't hear him but when he comes, you know it's him.

Now I'm better at spotting him. Sometimes a thought comes into my head – before Morning Mass at the feet of Our Lady. I light the candle, start to pray about this or that – and there it comes. I look up, almost expecting to see her wink. But no, just the same beautiful face. Sometimes it's an event from years past that for no reason sticks in your memory. Why, you have no idea but then, years later,

suddenly you know. The story of little David Friedentag is an example of this. I had no idea why David's name-changing had so held me. Now I know. Sometimes God will be heard through someone else, his words placed into the mouth of an unsuspecting other, an unlikely person who suddenly and seemingly apropos of nothing, says something completely out of context. This last way is what happened to me one Sunday morning not so long ago.

I told you she'd been brought up a Catholic – and a strict one. I told you how estranged she was, just one more twentieth-century, liberated Catholic. Except she wasn't because, during all our life together, every so often, on her own, sullenly and grumpily but always quietly, she'd slip off to Mass. I never asked her why and she never told me.

So, one Sunday morning, and apropos of nothing at all she decides to go to Mass. Grumpily and grudgingly she gets up, and gets ready to go when suddenly, unexpectedly and seemingly from nowhere, she turns to me and says,

"Why don't you come?"

It wasn't the first time I'd been in a church, it wasn't the first time I'd been in a Catholic church, it wasn't even the first time I'd been in this particular Catholic church. But that Sunday, with my wife and for the first time in my life, I made the sign of the cross and knelt before God.

And now, one final episode.

A crisis, with me at its center, engulfed myself and my family – wife, children, grand-children. I'll say no more except to say it involved, on all sides, no infidelity, no betrayal of any kind, no, not



even for one millisecond. No lapse in love, in fact, the contrary. But the turmoil was unspeakable, unfathomably intense.

It exploded one weekend. We were all together, away from home, a weekend and, when the storm had temporarily subsided, drained

Mother and finally to Jesus himself. Then back to the Crucifix and so on, stopping at each, sobbing, praying for help and forgiveness, rocking back and forth like any pious Jew.

Now, I go every day. It's a sober affair, fifteen to twenty, elderly

... the Cross, the nailed feet, the body, the crown of thorns and the sign, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

and exhausted, we drove home. During the journey, I remarked how the Jesus in Sacred Heart had such sad eyes.

"I'm not surprised."

We arrived home, unloaded the car and went into the house. In minutes I upped and ran out the house to the church. The doors were locked.

I banged on the Presbytery door.

"Father...?"

"You want to pray?" He fetched the keys.

I burst in, first to the altar, to the Crucifix, then to the Blessed

widows mainly. They come in simple and private devotion, to light a candle, take Communion, and of course to mitigate the loneliness of the day. Now and again, someone unknown will appear. Invariably male, harassed and unkempt, he'll come in late, sit at the back, decline Communion and leave early, never to return.

Built in the 1850s by the Irish Catholic immigrants who lived in the area, it's a small, grimy edifice set amongst the housing estates of the area and next to the old Elec-

tric Lighting Company. The back overlooks the municipal tip, down the road is the old Mount Carmel Convent, now yuppie flats.

Being in the building trade themselves, they pretty much built it with their own hands and I often smile at the Irish faces of the statues – not of Christ himself, that would be too much of an impertinence – but of St. Peter, St. Therese and St. Antony. St. Joseph holding his set square has all the features of the stonemason who built the chapel in which he stands. To his right and above is his spouse. Crowned Queen of Heaven, she has the face of the mother and sister the stonemason left behind.

But that community is no more, (though you can see them any day of the week if you take a daytrip to Southend). What's left (there are still a few red-haired Annies and Daniels in my catechetical group), has been joined by new communities – Somalis, Filipinos and West Africans – Catholic all, but each with its own slant on the faith. The Somalis pray like their erstwhile Muslim neighbors, arms raised or prostrate before the altar, while the evangelical Filipinos hold their singalongs every Sunday after Mass. And the Africans, well, you should hear them. I did, at the funeral of a fifteen-year old. As the coffin lid closed on the boy, a sound arose, one I'd never heard before and hope never to hear again – and it came a long way from the Holloway Road.

Add to these, the now-indigenous Jamaicans, some Colombians and a sprinkling of metropolitan, middle-class whites – old Catholics, their Englishness recalled in the stained-glass windows along the north wall – martyrs to the

Reformation: Edmund Campion, Margaret Pole, John Fisher and of course, Sir Thomas More.

They get along fine, these communities. Each separate and living pretty much in and amongst itself, but all bound together by a love for Christ and so for each other. Father John, a visiting priest from Cincinnati marvels at our superlative community relations. He's a liberal, and when he goes home, he tells his parishioners all about Sacred Heart and its wonderful race relations. "What do they do?" they ask, "and how do they do it?" "Nothing," he replies, "they do nothing."

"Truth is beauty, beauty truth" said John Keats and our Church teaches "Truth is goodness and beauty." Thomas Aquinas said beauty was truth made visible and Bishop Robert Barron advises that if you ever want to sell the faith to someone, always start with the beauty. I concur. Every morning I stare ahead at the altar. Behind and dead center, Christ on his Cross and above that, four windows depicting Margaret Mary Alacoque receiving the Sacred Heart from Christ himself, above these, a rose window depicting the same Sacred Heart circled by seven stars and ten angels.

I trace a line up through the altar, through the Cross, the nailed feet, the body, the crown of thorns and the sign, "*Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*" in three languages – Aramaic, Latin and Greek – just so everyone would know – through the symmetry of the windows and up, up, it seems to me, to Heaven itself. And I fancy before me is the very order of the universe, Logos, spoken at Creation, the true glory

of God with the crucified Christ at its center.

And I come to understand that God's order, Logos, is why the grass is green, why water's wet, why our feet stay on the ground, why time moves forward, why two plus two equals four. All this is Logos, the order of the Universe – and we haven't even begun to consider our human thought and our speech, let alone our souls and the difference between right and wrong.

If there were no people would two plus two still equal four? I suspect you'll say "yes," but if your answer is "no" then ask yourself who was it who first worked it out – and when and how? But if, as I suspect it will be, your answer is "yes" then ask: If humans didn't work out that two plus two equals four, then who or what did? And while you're at it, perhaps you could also explain who worked out gravity, or energy, or fire, or love?

Perhaps you see the point, perhaps you don't, but if you don't you'll provide yet more evidence for my growing conviction that nobody really disbelieves in God (his existence is as plain as the nose on your face) what they cannot, or will not do, is name him, and then get to their knees. You get it, or you don't. My hunch is you do – you just don't know you do. We're just fish struggling to see the water in which we swim.

STRANGE MERCY

Every morning she wakes in tears. Every day's a struggle. Everything hurts.

"Why're you crying? It's a gift. It's a gift!

Did you hear what I said? Did you hear what I said to this wom-

WILEY'S WAR WITH THE JEWS

BY SEAN NAUGHTON

For I could wish that I myself were accursed and cut off from Christ for the sake of my own people, my kindred according to the flesh — Romans 9: 3

Not many newspapers seem to be interested in the fact that Wiley was in Rotterdam at the end of July. In fact, the only newspapers that are still interested in Wiley or his stay in Rotterdam are the *Jewish Chronicle* and the *Jerusalem Post*. The seemingly bewildering fact that anyone in Jerusalem should be interested in the summer sojourn of a 41-year-old grime artist from London becomes somewhat less mystifying when one learns that Wiley's stay in Holland accounts for the fact that the police in England have dropped an investigation into Wiley's alleged anti-semitism. As the *Jewish Chronicle* reports

It is one of the loopholes of the internet that a British person can post so many anti-semitic tweets and posts, clearly intended for a British audience and doing so much damage to community relations in this country, but because he was not in the UK at the time he can't be prosecuted here.¹

The apparent lack of wider media interest in Wiley's avoidance of prosecution is in stark contrast to the media frenzy which erupted when the said "anti-semitic tweets and posts" first appeared on Twitter and Instagram at the end of July. I don't think it's too much of an exaggeration to say that at the time it was

difficult to work out which pandemic was more of a threat to the well-being of the nation and indeed the whole world, such was the consternation and outrage which Wiley aroused. The corona virus pandemic had some precedents – from the Black Death to the Spanish flu – to which all have been looking for insight and perspective. The historical context in which to place the Wiley episode is that long-running, largely American saga known as the Black-Jewish alliance.

In this UK episode, the Jewish parts were played by everyone from the current and former Chief Rabbis to

Having sacked and rehired John Woolf a dozen times, it would appear that Wiley has some serious "beef," not just with his ex-manager, but Jews more generally.

a whole host of Jewish media and culture personalities, as well as Jewish defence organizations and hashtags, the existence of which, I'll wager, most English people have never even heard. Having said that, I doubt if most English people have ever heard of the Black-Jewish alliance. Having said that, this English episode contained many of the essential ingredients that have characterized the alliance and its subsequent collapse. The Jewish part was also taken by just about every other person in England who has a computer, including every musician and singer, not least many of the friends and fellow grime artists of the Black protagonist. All social media platforms took the Jewish part.

The Black part was played by Wiley.

Having read the Wiley Tweets which generated the central conceit upon which all the action turned, it's clear that Wiley himself has a somewhat rudimentary understanding of the Black-Jewish alliance, and of that, it's clear that he is more attuned to the alienation and antagonism which have characterized the alliance, than to any of its merits. Nevertheless, the potential benefit of the Black-Jewish alliance for her son had long been apparent to Wiley's mother, as explained by Wiley's Jewish ex-manager John Woolf:

It was 2007, and we met in Hoxton. When I met him, the first thing he said to me was that his mum had told him that he needed a Jewish manager.²

Wiley duly appointed John Woolf as his manager. And now, having sacked and rehired John Woolf a dozen times, it would appear that Wiley has some serious "beef" not just with his ex-manager (it looks like it's really over this time) but Jews more generally. On Friday 24th July, at 11:28pm to be precise, Wiley tweeted: "When I war with the jewish [sic] community I do not lose trust me [sic] ... ask John Woolf³" John Woolf responded the next day: "Following Wileys [sic] antisemitic tweets today we at @A_ListMGMT have cut all ties with him. There is no place in society for antisemitism."⁴

The "anti-semitic" Tweets in question include at 11:28pm: "Jewish people you think you are too important [sic] I am sick of you⁵" And at 11:39pm: "If you work for a company owned by 2 Jewish men and you challenge the Jewish community in anyway [sic] of course you will get fired⁶" ... and at 11:43pm: "In prison Jewish people get looked after differently too [sic] other people and in hospitals and police stations⁷"

I have no idea how Jews get treated in prison, but I'm certain that Wiley should be arrested without delay by the grammar police and sent to punctuation prison – a life sentence for repeated violations of the Offences Against the Sentence Act with additional hard labour for serial spelling violations.

The grammar police are the least of Wiley's worries, now that he has felt the full force of the Internet police and has just avoided further investigation by the Metropolitan Police, which must come as something of a disappointment to members of the Campaign Against Anti-Semitism, a spokesman for whom explained at the time:



Our crime unit has reported this matter to the Metropolitan Police Service as we consider that Wiley has committed the offence of incitement to racial hatred, which can carry a substantial prison sentence."⁸

I'm not sure if Wiley has cancelled any of his other holiday plans, but he now knows all about what it means to be "cancelled." And I mean cancelled as no man, with the possible exception of E. Michael Jones, has been cancelled in the short and ignominious history of cancel culture. Not satisfied with dynamic silence as a response, the Jews have seen to it that Wiley has been on the receiving end of an all-out, land-sea-and-air, thermonuclear cancelling, which has seen him denounced by everyone from the Prime Minister and the Chief Rabbi to the lowliest of Wiley's fellow artists. Wiley has been banished from every social media platform known to man and, as someone tweeted at the height of the drama, "by the end of the week Wiley will be lucky if he can still send a text message."

Even the Black newspaper, *The Voice* – "a campaigning newspaper since its inception: tackling race inequality and social injustice for the Black community" – published an article on July 29 which asked if "within his [Wiley's] ranting were there any salient points?"¹⁰ only to remove the said article on July 30. It was on July 31 that I discovered that the offending article had been removed, the news of which I found, not in the *Voice*, but in *Jewish News*¹¹ and in the *Jewish Chronicle*.¹² In

fact, *The Voice* has so distanced itself from the article – in which it had already quite strictly socially distanced itself from Wiley and his “rant” – that a search for the article brings you to a statement on the *Voice* website which does not even mention the offending article, but explains that “It saddens us deeply that persons have implied that we are anti-Semitic.”¹³ Who these persons are, it does not say. The statement ends: “We are in conversation with Jewish leaders and have given them the right of reply.”¹⁴

WILEY - THE JAMAICAN CONNECTION

Wiley – real name, Richard Kylea Cowie – included in one of his Tweets a classic Afro-centric meme, arising from the Black-Jewish alliance/antagonism repertoire:

I don't care Cos Israel is ours what about that...Listen to me Jewish community Israel is not your country I'm sorry...¹⁵

This assertion relating to claims about the rightful occupants of the Holy Land reveals a good deal about Wiley's background. We Catholics, of course, have an overriding concern for the salvation of the Jews which arises from ongoing – and now in some cases Catholic – confusion about the existence, not of a Jewish homeland, but the purported existence of a Jewish covenant with the Almighty:

Those today who insist the Jews still have their Old Covenant thus doom the Jews to eternal damnation, since the Old Covenant cannot save a single soul (Heb 9:9-10).¹⁶

Wiley, on the other hand, was repeating a charge against the Jews that arises from an aspect of the Black historico-political imagination, which has itself infused and in a certain way nourished the Black-Jewish alliance, the formal commencement of which is usually associated with the establishment in the U.S. of the NAACP in 1909,¹⁷ and is characterized, at least in some respects, by the mutual identification of the one group with the suffering of the other. Reflecting on the role of early 20th century organizations like the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League, Jewish historian Murray Friedman explains:

It is significant, however, that Jews did not just organize for their own defense; they also rallied to the defense of blacks, who faced even greater terrors. Why did Jews do so? Possibly it was because, as a pariah people themselves,

they easily identified with another group of even more oppressed outsiders. They were no doubt also encouraged by the implicit moral imperatives of Judaism¹⁸

When it comes to manifestations of the Black-Jewish alliance in the world of popular music, no-one renders more forcefully the sense of Jewish identification with Black suffering than Jerry Heller, the Jewish co-founder of Ruthless Records and manager of N***as With Attitude,¹⁹ who explains the struggle he faced when choosing a title for his auto-biography:

I wanted to call this book Nigga 4 Life, but the f***ing corporate gangstas who've taken over the bookselling dodge in this country wouldn't support it if I did. I've always been an anti-establishment kind of guy, and the idea of having to cave in to the dictates of superstore goons galls me to hell. Because, yeah, I make that claim. I've always been a n***a 4 life. I say that knowing full well the

Israeli law offers citizenship for all Jews throughout the world, but . . . the Chief Rabbinate of Israel decided that the Black Hebrew Israelites were not entitled to citizenship.

awful freight that the N word carries with it. I was a n***a on the streets of Cleveland when I was growing up, only they pronounced it “kike”²⁰

Wiley, from the Black UK perspective, was expounding a central strand of Rastafarianism and, by a process of osmosis, of wider Caribbean culture: the idea that Black people are the real chosen people, the real Jews. In Wiley's case this has come through his Jamaican heritage.

Born in 1979, Wiley, having been reared from the age of two by his grandmother in Kent, south of the capital, was taken back to London at the age of 11 to live – at Wiley's own request – with his father, Richard Cowie, a Jamaican, whose love of reggae music had a deep and abiding influence on his son and their relationship. Richard Sr. is a reggae musician:

It was just me and him. And we had our disagreements, just like anyone else. We got into little wrestling match-

es or whatever, but we would never argue for long. Deep down, our bond had always been about music. We'd listen to music together, make music together, and talk about music for hours on end²¹

The idea of Africans and those of the African diaspora being the real Jews, a tenet of already extant Ethiopiansim, was grasped at in the 1930's by men like Jamaican preacher Leonard Howell, and Prince Hall Freemasons Joseph Hibbert and Archibald Dunkley,²² the founding fathers of Rastafarianism, the spirit and tenets of which infused the emergent musical genre known as reggae:

In 1935, Jamaican preacher Leonard Howell published the tract *The Promised Key* which explained that Emperor Haile Selassie (Ras Tafari) was the Messiah, that Black people were the chosen people, and they would soon be repatriated to Ethiopia and experience political and economic prosperity. The tract is the founding document of Rastafarian belief and marks the move from seeing Haile Selassie as merely prophetic to "the divine Messiah."²³

Wiley's inspiration for his assertion that the Holy Land itself, rather than Ethiopia, is for Africans, may come from more recent sources, ranging from Louis Farrakhan to the Black Hebrew Israelites:

The group began in Chicago in 1967 under the leadership of Ben Ammi Ben Israel, an African American whose birth name was Ben Carter. Ben Israel appointed 30 disciples and in 1967 moved the group to Liberia before embarking for their final destination in Israel. The Black Hebrew Israelites's claims of Jewish heritage provoked substantial debate in Israel. Israeli law offers citizenship for all Jews throughout the world, but the Black Hebrew Israelites could produce no evidence to substantiate their Jewish heritage. After much investigation, the Chief Rabbinate of Israel thus decided that the Black Hebrew Israelites were not really Jewish and were not entitled to citizenship.²⁴

Whatever about the source of Wiley's assertion that "the star of David is our ting [*sic*],"²⁵ his animus towards the Jews is part of an established pattern – and the pre-Covid resurgent wave – of Black antipathy to the Jews in the U.S. The media in the U.S. tried to explain the pre-lockdown attacks on Jews in the U.S. as just the latest manifestation of "white" racism. This attempt to frame the narrative in terms of "white" racism ignores the reality of the situation:

Joseph Nathaniel Hibbert in masonic ceremonial robes, Bulls Bay, Jamaica 1983



If we look into what has been happening in New York City lately, we discover that the details reveal a completely different story, primarily because all of the perpetrators of anti-Semitic violence so far have been Black. The Jersey City attack which left four people dead was perpetrated by a bizarre religious sect known as the Black Hebrew Israelites²⁶

Something tells me that Wiley threw in the thing about the rightful occupants of the Holy Land to show that he was prepared, now that the war of words had begun, to use every anti-Jewish weapon he could muster. Imagine if you will, a WWF wrestler grabbing a conveniently placed chair to add the finishing touches to the demolition of his opponent, and you get some grasp of Wiley's on-stage and online style. The excessive name-calling and bad language, an unfortunate aspect of his style of engagement, is rather more redolent of the playground than any serious effort at

debate. This all-out war mentality, expressed in the intensity and belligerence of the vocal style of grime, is reflective of a good deal of urban music which arises, in vocal terms, from its two engendering genres: rap originating in the U.S. and ragga originating in Jamaica. Wiley is the “Godfather of Grime” the uniquely London sub-genre, the creation of which at the dawn of the millennium Wiley is largely and almost exclusively credited:

Nobody in this music is in a perfect situation, you know, otherwise it wouldn't be called ‘grime’. Why did this music come about? Anger, aggression, frustration – at life in general, at people, at mums and dads. At maybe not having a perfect life.²⁷

WILEY THE ESKIMO

As Richard Sr. suggests, the anger, aggression and frustration is the bitter fruit of a family and a culture grievously wounded by family breakdown. Following the death of her brother in a stabbing, Wiley's mother, as mentioned, sent the two-year-old Richard and his sister to live with their grandmother. The joy of Richard Jr.'s return to London to live with Richard Sr. was short-lived:

When my dad came and got me from Kent it was just me and him. Then maybe a year or two later, he met someone new. It was a girl he'd always known, I think, but it was around that time they started seeing each other properly. It got serious, and she got pregnant, and then they had my brother, Cadell. It was good, but at the age I was, I couldn't really see it for what it was. Every time my dad was round at her place, I just thought, “Oh, so he's round there. He ain't coming back, he doesn't care about me.” You know when you're young, and you're just angry. I hated her. Not in a bad way, but more because – it's my dad, innit? I didn't want my dad to be with some woman in her house. Is it jealousy?²⁸

A recurring image in Wiley's autobiography and in his music is coldness of heart. The record regarded as the seminal sound of grime is Wiley's “Eskimo,” and early tracks include Ice-rink, Ice-pole, Igloo and Snowman:

We grew up with a very negative attitude, and it continues on to this day. All the arrests, all the suspicion, all the violence just builds up and it makes you feel very cold-hearted inside. You end up just thinking, “F*** this. F*** ev-



everyone.” [...] Making music is my therapy. Eski, igloo, ice, cold – that all comes from my childhood. The pain, the isolation, the frustration. Some of my music represents being in a dark place. You can listen to something and hear that I was feeling that way, but the next day I might have been feeling cheerier.²⁹

If ever a musical genre provided a good window on a man's personality, it has to be grime, the perfect metaphor for Wiley: “The style [grime] is typified by rapid, syncopated breakbeats, generally around 140 beats per minute, and often features an aggressive or jagged electronic sound.³⁰”

And that's before we even get to the vocals. Wiley has a big, 140 bpm heart. His generosity is legendary, not just in terms of money which he spent and gave away with equal abandon, but also in terms of nurturing others' talents and finding a role to match the gifts that he discerned in the various lads from his local area – and beyond – who wanted to get involved in the Black London music scene of the late 90's and continuing into the 00's:

Kylea [Wiley] was always encouraging. He'd push people to take the mic, he'd listen, and if he thought they were good, he'd bring them in. Even if they weren't good, he'd find something for them. Organising dances, DJing, helping with white labels.³¹

Music becomes the medicine that will bind the wounds of family breakdown. “Making music is my therapy,” Wiley tells us. His musical output and influ-

ence have provided the therapeutic fix that two, going on three generations of English youngsters – not least those who have endured the splitting of the nuclear family – have signed up for.

Wiley, like the majority of his generation, is restless and wounded. The pain has formed the icy splinters that surround his heart. When his heart speaks, and he always speaks from the heart, it sounds aggressive because it is aggressive, with an aggression born of the vulnerability only a child knows: when big changes happen, and the child knows very little except that he has no control and that it hurts – the best defence is to harden the heart. Wiley's outburst on Twitter reflects both his personality and the vocal style of the music, the aforementioned grime: "spitting" lyrics, as it is known, involves high velocity verbal aggression which comes across, as Wiley explains, more bellicose than it sounds: "MCs would go down to battle each other; to have a clash. But it wasn't all aggro – spitting over a beat is how MCs express themselves. It's a form of poetry."

WILEY AND WOOLF

You can hardly blame the Jews for not seeing any poetical merit or merely lyrical intent in another of Wiley's tweets: "Jewish would do anything to ruin a black mans life but it won't work with me I am a savage"³²

Wiley isn't the first Black man to make this accusation. In his book, *The Jewish Onslaught* (1993), history professor Dr. Tony Martin describes the attacks to which he was subject when the Jews took exception to his use – on a history course at Wellesley College – of a particular book about the role of Jews in the trans-Atlantic slave trade:

they evinced a bull-dog like instinct for going after the jugular of their intended victims. For the last three decades of the Jewish assault on Black progress, that jugular has usually meant the economic livelihood of Black people.³³

I am not aware of, and Wiley, to the best of my knowledge, has not revealed any financial irregularities in John Woolf's management – it is clear that Wiley was able to manage financial self-inflicted wounds all on his own – and no doubt his own mother recognized the need for a good manager, but the negative effect of Jewish management on the financial affairs of Black musicians is hardly new, a reality which Bo Diddley

spoke about in 1987, when he gave an interview to *Rolling Stone* magazine:

Bo Diddley ain't got sh*t, My records are sold all over the world, and I ain't got a f***ing dime. ... When I left Chess Records ... they said I owed them \$125,000.³⁴

Ben Sidran explains the basic structure of the financial arrangement:

According to the standard contracts, all the money spent by the record company — for producing the record, designing the packaging, even marketing the final product or helping underwrite the artist's touring — was recoupable out of the artist's share (usually less than 10 percent of the retail price). At the same time, the wholesale price of the record (the price the company either charged or billed their distributors) included a nice markup for the label. Hence the record label would get paid three times over before the artist would get paid once.³⁵

Nevertheless, by 2017, Wiley was happy to acknowledge the positive features of John Woolf's financial capabilities, as well as his reliability:

John Woolf is a powerful figure, don't get me wrong. He can walk into any office and get money. Not many people can do that. People respect him. I respect him. He'll always show up. He can move in places that maybe I can't. He's been there for a long time now. He's family.³⁶

John Woolf has also shown himself to be both perceptive and empathetic, and in retrospect, not a little prophetic when it comes to Wiley's personality and behavior. Back in 2017, in Wiley's biography, a book which his manager encouraged Wiley to write, John Woolf shared the following insightful understanding of Wiley's personality:

There's no filter – he says what he thinks. He doesn't want to play the game of censoring himself. Twitter was the best and worst invention for him. Wiley's got a habit of savagely berating people online. I've honestly lost count of the number of times he's 'fired' me. And then he'll call me like nothing's happened. But it is what it is, and we've just got to keep it moving. What people don't realise is that when he's on Twitter calling me every name under the sun, he's in my house asking me for a glass of orange juice! He's like two different people – Richard can be in your living room, chattering away politely, while Wiley's on Twitter wanting to empty a full clip.³⁷



A notable feature of the Black-Jewish alliance in music is the ever-increasing lack of filter. As “race music” got renamed “rhythm and blues,” the term coined in the 1950’s by legendary Jewish music man, Jerry Wexler – “a label more appropriate to more enlightened times”³⁸ – the filters and euphemisms became fewer and fewer as the bad language, aggression and ridiculously hyper-sexualized and hyper-narcotized lyrics became more and more normalized. What in retrospect looks like heroic self-censorship, with talk of “mojos,” has given way to endless talk about mo’ ho’s. *Sweet Little Sixteen* has given way to the decidedly less cryptic *A B***h iz a B***h*,³⁹ while driving along in my automobile now conjures up fewer images of frustrated trips down lovers’ lane and more images of drive-by shootings down main street. Marvin Gaye’s rather crude invitation to his beloved to “*Let’s get it on*” now seems the epitome of gallantry and decorum, even if it doesn’t quite suggest a suitably coy mistress. Now I don’t know if Wiley’s mother thought he needed a Jewish manager to help him to mind his money or to mind his tongue, but fostering self-censorship does not appear to be at the top of the list of responsibilities which Jewish managers of Black artists – or any other artist for that matter – have drawn up for themselves over the years.

Nevertheless, it’s clear that this time Wiley has gone too far, and that John Woolf is no longer prepared to laugh off the verbal bullets coming from Wiley’s latest “clip.” If Wiley wasn’t prepared to censor himself, the censorship would be left to others:

I am a proud Jewish man and I am deeply shocked and saddened but what he has chosen to say ... I am speaking to key figures in my community in light of today’s tweets. This behaviour and hateful speech is not acceptable to me.”⁴⁰

John Woolf’s response, understandable as it may be, is reflective not only of Wiley’s dual personality, but the dual personality of Woolf himself, and that of other Jewish music managers, who are, to use Woolf’s own phrase, “two different people.” Jerry Heller suffers less from this duality, declaring himself a “n***ga 4

life.” I reckon he genuinely interpreted the bitter feud that accompanied the infamous break-up of NWA as a feud between one side of the Black operation – he himself and Eazy E – and the other “n***gas 4 life” on the other side, namely Ice-Cube and Dr Dre and assorted NWA cohorts. Ice-cube himself had a rather different interpretation: “Used to be my homie, now you act like you don’t know me. / It’s a case of divide-and-conquer / ‘Cause you let a Jew break up my crew.”⁴¹

TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE

The “two different people” in John Woolf’s case are the street talking mover and shaker: “He’ll give people money for studio sessions, for flights here and there, and never ask for it back. I’ll be like, ‘Where’s the money? Is it ever coming back? What the fuck?!’”⁴² ... and the “proud Jewish man” who is “speaking to key figures in my community” about “hateful speech.” Now, I realize that it would be unfair to equate bad language with racist language. Nevertheless, if a young man like John Woolf is immersed in and promoting highly sexualized music, which includes bad language as a matter of course, and he himself uses bad language in print, I would have thought that he might be very reluctant to speak to “key figures in [his] community” on matters to do with his own associate’s “behaviour and hateful speech.” Is he not afraid of being accused of hypocrisy? Is he not worried that he will be asked, “What are you doing promoting the work of such an artist in the first place?” or “Why do you yourself use bad language publicly?” This apparent inconsistency

may be accounted for by the tendency described here by Chuck D of Public Enemy. Reflecting on the strain imposed on his and Public Enemy's relationship with their Jewish manager, Bill Adler, when another member, Professor Griff, made anti-Jewish remarks in an interview with *Melody Maker* back in 1988, Chuck D explains:

You gotta understand there are a lot of people who are Jewish in the business and they're not really Jewish out front – they're really straight up human beings out front and they're publicists, and their Jewishness is in the back.⁴³

A HIDDEN IDENTITY

This apparent tendency to keep “their Jewishness in the back” is a concern that men like the Chief Rabbi of the UK, Rabbi Ephraim Mervis, would do well to address. Rabbi Mervis' concern at Wiley's “anti-semitism” – he wrote to the CEO's of Twitter and Facebook charging them with complicity in Wiley's “rant” by their tardy reaction – would sound more consistent and more convincing if he were more willing to challenge publicly the involvement of members of his community in promoting music which is not known for high moral standards, but which, on the contrary, is characterized by the most grotesque demeaning of women, the extolling of illicit drug use and sexual promiscuity, and for advocating – however poetically – violence against everyone from fellow artists to every “n***a” on the block, from the police and to the “white” community, and in some cases, against Jews themselves. All of which is expressed in language which shows little evidence of self-censorship, but which, on the contrary, seems to be expressed in the most provocative language possible, originating; it would seem, in the darkest recesses of a particularly deranged teenage mind. Nevertheless, it's hardly the fault of Rabbi Mervis, given the long established tendency of established Jewish groups like the United Jewish Appeal to celebrate, even exalt, individual Jews of, shall we say, less than ideal moral stature:

Even an out-and-out gangster could be a good citizen in the record business, a man of the people, and in fact it did not disqualify him from being celebrated for his “community service.” A good example would be the notoriously mob-connected Morris Levy, who received the 1973 Unit-

ed Jewish Appeal “Man of the Year” Award. At the award ceremony, Warner Bros.' Joe Smith, the master of ceremonies, looked around the room and said, “With the group of cutthroats on this dais, every one of you would be safer in Central Park tonight than you are in the ballroom of the Hilton Hotel,” and then concluded his remarks by saying, “I take this opportunity to extend my own personal best wishes to Moishe [Levy's Yiddish name], a man I've known for many years, admired and enjoyed. And I just got word from two of his friends on the West Coast that my wife and two children have been released!” The laughter was uproarious.⁴⁴

By comparison, John Woolf would appear to be a paragon of virtue, though Wiley may be wondering why all the laughter has suddenly stopped. John Woolf isn't the first Jewish manager to feel the wrath of the Black musicians with whom they have become involved. I don't know if he ever got to ask Jerry Heller but he would have been warned, according to Heller's intriguingly Freudian interpretation of Black-Jewish show-business antipathy:

You have to kill your father. Even if you never knew your father, you still have to kill him. You have to kill anyone who reminds you of your father, resembles your father, or walks like your father. You have to kill the older authority figure or you are a worthless husk of a man. If you don't kill your father, you become your father, and if you do kill your father, you also become your father. That's life. And that's my oh-so Oedipal explanation of why Cube and Dre turned so viciously against me and Eazy. Acting on urgencies they barely understood, they believed that they must somehow declare their independence from Ruthless to prove themselves. Another factor also entered in. It's a time-honored maneuver for African-American musicians to cry “racism” whenever they wish to leave a music contract.⁴⁵

True to John Woolf's analysis of Wiley's dual personality, Wiley didn't take long to present a more conciliatory line. Appearing in a *Sky News* interview on July 29, Wiley offered a more nuanced outline of what he really meant:

My comments should not have been directed to all Jews or Jewish people. I just want to apologise for generalising and going outside of the people who I was talking to within the workspace and workplace I work in ... I want to apologise for generalising, and I want to apologise for comments that were looked at as antisemitic ... I'm not

racist, you know. I'm a businessman. My thing should have stayed between me and my manager, I get that.⁴⁶

Too little, too late Wiley. Wiley's banishment to the outer darkness of the moral universe has been accompanied by an all-out effort to, as Dr. Tony Martin describes, threaten his economic livelihood: "Following repeated violations, YouTube has terminated Wiley's channels from our platform."⁴⁷

This followed hard on the heels of Wiley's banishment from two other major platforms, Twitter and Instagram, the execution of which sounds, for all the world, like an exasperated schoolteacher explaining to the errant schoolboy's parents why the long-threatened punishment had to be administered:

There is no place for hate speech on Facebook and Instagram. After initially placing Wiley's accounts in a seven day block, we have now removed both his Facebook and Instagram accounts for repeated violations of our policies.⁴⁸

That the latest chapter in the history of the Black-Jewish alliance in music, a tale of obliterating just about every speech code – and decency code – known to man, should close with the invocation of a speech code is not a little ironic.

THE JEWS AND BLACKING UP

The history of the Black-Jewish alliance in music has involved a two-pronged approach to cultural revolution, the bitter fruits of which we are tasting to this very day: the sexualization of Black folk music and the secularization of Black church music. One might consider it as a more in-house form of Al Jolson's "blacking-up." The blues had a baby and they called the baby rock 'n roll. The musical union known as the Black-Jewish alliance brought forth two revolutionary babies: promiscuity and protest.

The transmutation of Black spirituals into protest songs seems to have been the speciality of Pete Seeger, "the Elvis Presley of the Jewish left"⁴⁹ who managed to come up with at least two of the great anthems of the Civil Rights Movement – "*We shall overcome*" and "*We shall not be moved*." I'm not sure how the Black Methodist minister Albert Tindley, composer of "I shall overcome,"⁵⁰ feels about Seeger's work in this respect, but everyone from British wrestler Bid Daddy to football fans up and down the land have continued

to ensure that the last place to which these songs are now associated is within the four walls of a church. The appropriation of the original hymn provides the perfect summary of the spirit of protest movements of the 20th – and now the 21st century. The battle to be fought according to Albert Tindley was with the world, the flesh and the devil. The sword was to be thrust inward, as it were, in a spirit of mortification. spiritual poverty and repentance:

A thousand snares are set for me,
And mountains in my way;
If Jesus will my leader be,
I'll overcome some day⁵¹

If there's one thing that characterizes the protest movements of today, from race warriors to environmental warriors to LGBT warriors, it is a spirit of nauseating self-righteousness. The sword of self-righteousness is always pointing away from the man of protest. Perhaps this accounts for one particularly notable omission from Pete Seeger's version – the Holy Name of Jesus.

Jerry Wexler explains the corresponding transmutation of church music, brought about to fulfill the other secular function to which spiritual music was to be ordered:

Clearly Aretha [Franklin] was continuing what Ray Charles had begun – the secularization of gospel, turning church rhythms, church patterns, and especially church feelings into personalized love songs⁵²

Ray Charles summed up the change very neatly: "The blues is just the same as gospel, except you're saying 'baby' instead of Jesus."⁵³

The personalized love song took two forms, what we might refer to as the ballady and the bawdy. Many of the ballads are beautifully tender, even sublime, but even the most tender – *These Arms of Mine* by Otis Redding is a wonderful example of the almost perfect hymn to romantic desire – took the love song ever closer to that line which divides that which is most worthy of a song from that which is too sacred and too intimate to be put into words or put onto a stage:

C'mon, c'mon baby
Just be my little woman
Just be my lover, oh
I need me somebody

Somebody to treat me right, oh
And I need your arms, loving arms
To hold me tight
And I-I-I need, I need your
I need your tender lips
To hold me...⁵⁴

Now, love songs are not sacred songs but the writer of the love song is, or should be, subject to limits which reflect the divine source of human love. The tendency for the r'n'b love song to separate the love of man and woman from its ultimate meaning in the love of the Trinity is just one of the dangers inherent in this secularization of church music:

every woman promises a man that which God alone can give; every man promises a woman that which God alone can give. They are right in having the idea; they are wrong in thinking that the other partner can give what heaven reserves for itself alone.⁵⁵

The emerging gap between right and wrong is filled by what has become known, rather ironically, as “soul,” a feature of which is to replace the Divine element with ever more emotional rendering of human desire and fulfillment. Overblown emotions may suggest greater authenticity but any violation of the limits between the public and the private, even with a voice like that of Otis Redding, is always a risky endeavour: “To take that which is reserved for the sanctuary of human and to placard it at the crossroads of the world, is to profane the sacred.”⁵⁶

No doubt the morals of the world could have withstood the gospel inspired ballad, but the more potent strand of revolutionary music emanating like a torrent from the Black-Jewish alliance involved the idolization of sex, the glorification of pure unadulterated lust, which put the nation's morals to a more severe test. Just as church rhythms were being cut off from Heaven, the folk rhythms were being handed over to Hell. The Devil didn't get all the best tunes without a great deal of help from the Black-Jewish alliance. At the same time, it would be unfair to place all the blame on the Blacks and the Jews. The history of popular music in the twentieth century is the story of a confected notion of “Blackness” becoming the ideal for the disillusioned Christian seeking to justify his rejection of the Faith and his descent into promiscuity:

The American *Kulturkampf* would be fought along racial lines ... the cultural transaction was quite simple. The

moderns, the cultural revolutionaries, simply took the world view of the Ku Klux Klan and simply reversed the values, in a typically Nietzschean fashion. So according to that world view the white man stood for family, sexual morality, Christianity and the social order; the black man, on the other hand, stood for what Dean Moriarty (in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*) called ‘spade kicks’, that is, sexual license, drugs and alcohol and, above all the music that made it all plausible, jazz. By identifying with the Negro, the cultural revolutionaries simply accomplished the transvaluation of all values.⁵⁷

These Black men are forever trapped as boys, still trying to recover from the wounds of childhood, but still addicted to the wrong medicine.

For Catholics like Jack Kerouac the challenge was to unburden himself from the Faith of his fathers. For Jews like Norman Mailer, Christianity was not so much an inheritance as a hindrance, the removal of which he projected onto the Black man as a merely instinctive creature alienated in a “white,” Christian society:

Knowing in the cells of his existence that life was war, nothing but war, the Negro (all exceptions admitted) could rarely afford the sophisticated inhibitions of civilization, and so he kept for his survival the art of the primitive, he lived in the enormous present, he subsisted for his Saturday night kicks, relinquishing the pleasures of the mind for the more obligatory pleasures of the body, and in his music he gave voice to the character and quality of his existence⁵⁸

The music to which Norman Mailer is referring is of course the old patriarch, Jazz. Jerry Heller expresses the deep affection that atheistic Jews like himself had for the life symbolized by Jazz: “I liked my life. I really did. It epitomized the holy trinity of the ‘Three M’s’ that Louis Armstrong always talked about: ‘Music, money, and mmmmmm—p***y.’”⁵⁹

Not much has changed. A century on from the popularization of Jazz, Wiley is still delivering the “spade kicks” so beloved of Jack Kerouac, still delivering the “art of the primitive” as conjured up for him by Nor-

Former NWA manager, Jerry Heller (superimposed) filed a \$110 million libel lawsuit for his portrayal in the film *Straight Outta Compton*, the story of a rap group and their Jewish manager



Said I'm gonna work so
I find the cheques

Now I'm tied in, and
the money flies in

Tell a business team I'd
like to invest

See it's all fun and
games till you end up
broke

I don't want my career
to end up a joke

On a good day you'll
be making paper

On a bad one you'll be
looking for hope

So if you really want
my advice then take it

Try not to spend until you've made it

Just live within your means innit

I don't need to front cause I've seen it⁶²

man Mailer. For men like Wiley, the revolutionary dream lives on, reincarnated in the grime music which he created. The sounds and the BPM and the vocal style may be new, but the message is the same drearily predictable confection of sexual promiscuity and drug use, supplemented by the added ingredient of ever more childish name-calling. On one of his many insanely catchy tunes, Wiley reveals that the off-the-peg identity known as London Blackness leaves himself and his fellows stuck in the same old groove. Wiley has got the girls:

I'm in season, I'm in season, I got riddim
For the holiday season I got gyal dem [girls]
Who said they wanna start breedin'

And it's a hype, cause that's the life I've been leadin'⁶⁰
The girls are still there to provide the breeding facilities and the boys are still living the dream:

I haven't written for a bit
Because I've been chillin' out, missing on the grid
High grade got man livin' in a mist
Vodka and lemonade, sippin' till I piss⁶¹

High grade, as I'm sure readers will know, is the best marijuana from Jamaica itself. As for vodka and lemonade's pressure on the bladder, let's just say that a rhyme too can be just so insistent. The dream will be paid for by the black equivalent of the start-up. Mark Zuckerberg came up with Facebook and got rich; Wiley came up with grime and now he's in a position to give what is actually some sound financial advice:

The music may have changed and the messenger may be a really likeable artist named Wiley, a man who attributes to himself not two but five different identities:

My sister will tell you I'm four different people. You all know me as Wiley, the wickedest grime MC, jumping on stage going apes—, popping off on Twitter. There's Richard, the boy following in his father's footsteps, climbing out of his crib to bang on the drums. There's Kylea, the lost kid, the wildchild who had to learn how to become a father. Then there's Godfather, the don who was there at the beginning, and is there still. and beyond them all, there's Eskiboy, who I can't even really explain. The boy who likes to help people, but has coldness in his heart.⁶³

GROW TO BE MEN

But the sorrow at the heart of all this Black urban identity is just as Wiley tells it. These Black men are forever trapped as boys, still trying to recover from the wounds of childhood, but still addicted to the wrong medicine – appetite, anger, antagonism and drug-fuelled dreams of an illusory Afro-centric, Judaized promised land. In all their antagonism towards the Jews of today, there is the ever-present desire to imagine themselves as the Jews of the Old Testament. Even having children, one of the greatest blessings the Good Lord can bestow

on a man, leaves too many of the fathers lost in the spiritual and moral and political blind alley known as “Blackness.” Africans, because of their stronger families, and their heritage of strong fatherhood and adherence to family oriented religions, Catholicism of course, but also Islam with all its failings, are liberated from this infantilizing mind set. They grow to be men by not simply starting a family but by doing the truly manly thing of standing by that family. The sooner Wiley stops “blacking up” the better. The sooner he starts telling his fans so stop dreaming of restoring the lost tribes of Israel and to start restoring the nuclear family, the better it will be for all the children with which the God of Israel chooses to bless them.

SALIENT POINTS - THE JEWS

The most striking feature of the Jewish response to the Wiley outburst is the one which continues to leave the Jews isolated in their own spiritual and moral ghetto. I’m talking about living in denial. The feature to which I am referring is the almost complete absence of any sense of responsibility. Just as it is not only unfair but downright wrong to say that *all* Jews have a corrupting influence on the rest of us – it goes without saying that Jews are often the most admirable people who try, like the rest of us, to live up to the moral law - or that *all* Jews are usurious bankers, the opposite response is not helpful. In this context the charge is that Jews run the music business. The Jewish response is typified by the likes of Jewish musician and producer Mark Ronson, who in response to the Wiley tweets, himself tweeted

Jews do not run the music business from some secret cabal (and if they do it’s mad f**ked up i havent been invited yet) Universal: owned by Vincent Bollore, a frenchman (not a jew), Sony Music Group: a Japanese board, Martin Mills/Beggars is not a jew (WMG, yes a Jew⁶⁴)

Mark Ronson may well be right to say that Jews do not run the music business from some secret cabal, though he would do well to read what Don Arden has to say on the matter. The undisputed “Mr Big” – as per the title of his autobiography – of music management on this side of the Atlantic is the self-styled “Jewish terminator,” Don Arden nee Harry Levy (b. 1926). Don Arden’s contribution to the Black-Jewish alliance arose from his recognition in the late 1950’s that getting the big US stars of rock ‘n roll and rhythm ‘n blues to come and tour England was an opportunity not to be

missed – and he didn’t miss it, becoming the sole agent in the UK and Europe of the William Morris Agency, founded in 1918 by William Morris nee Moses Zelman (b. 1898).⁶⁵ Between descriptions of his son-in-law Ozzy Osbourne’s alcohol induced incontinence and how to go about record plugging and chart fixing, Don Arden provides an intriguing, almost chilling, glimpse of the real Mr Big’s of the music world. Having become a partner with Mannfred Weissleder, manager of the legendary Star Club in Hamburg, to which Arden brought talent like Jerry-Lee Lewis, Fats Domino and Ray Charles,⁶⁶ Arden was introduced by Weissleder to the owners of the club:

Once he got to know me well enough he introduced me to the real people who are known to the world at large and who owned and controlled the Star Club – the Israelis. It was this secret cabal of extraordinarily wealthy and highly dangerous Jews who had interests behind the scenes in every major moneymaking business, legitimate or otherwise, along the Hamburg shoreline. As a result, they were raking in over a million dollars a month – big, big money in those days.⁶⁷

Mark Ronson is certainly correct to point out that the music business is not run exclusively by Jews. What would be very helpful, nevertheless, would be an acknowledgement that Jews are, to say the least, very influential in the running of the music business, or that Jews are hugely over-represented in the running of the music business, strictly in terms of their overall numbers. This has been the case, *a fortiori*, in terms of the Jewish influence when it comes to Black music. Mark Ronson would do well to read that most riveting and beautifully written account of the Black-Jewish alliance in music – *There was a fire: Jews, Music and the American Dream* – by Jewish musician and cultural historian, Ben Sidran:

In fact, it appeared to me that a group that at no time exceeded 2 percent of the total population (the Jews) contribute more than 80% of the popular music in this country. The 2 percent is accurate; the Jews have always been a small minority, not only in America but in the world. The 80 percent I made up. There is no way to quantify the vast Jewish contribution to popular music. But if one takes into account the thousands of Jewish musicians, promoters, publishers, producers, executives, writers, hustlers, schuchlers, vaudevillians, and downright arrivistes who have populated the U.S. music business over the past one hundred or so years, it does not seem out of line; while the

80 percent is an imaginary number, it is, like the square root of pi, an imaginary number whose significance is real.⁶⁸

The more typical Jewish response tends to be to deny the reality of significant and disproportionate influence by identifying some high-ranking non-Jews in the music business. A much more helpful approach would be to acknowledge that Jews have been at the forefront – in the background – of the music industry just as, for example, Mark Ronson is happy to acknowledge the admirable tendency of Jews to contribute to good causes and charitable fund-raising:

And protecting children is etched into the DNA of Jewish people. It's how our religion works. I'd say that Jewish people have been at the forefront of many charity movements of the past 100 years. [And] look at anti-apartheid.⁶⁹

I don't know if it's fear or chutzpah – probably a bit of both – and it's hard to blame the Jews for the former, but if there's one thing that is likely to ameliorate and reduce anti-Jewish feeling of the kind so crudely expounded by Wiley, it is a more open attitude by which the Jews can acknowledge their great influence in the world of popular music, while at the same time celebrating their triumphs, but crucially, admitting their own, often malign influence. The tendency for the Jews to attribute anti-Jewish feeling to some irrational, ineradicable strand of anti-Jewish DNA, without ever acknowledging that Jewish behaviour might have some part to play in the matter, leaves the discussion stifled in a way that in the long run will do the Jews no favors.

The other feature of the Jewish response that was so striking was its swiftness, its co-ordination and its ferocity. The former Foreign Policy Advisor to Shimon Peres and former member of the Knesset, Dr. Einat Wolf, shared her admiration for the response of UK Jewry to Wiley:

I have been in awe of the spirit, organisation and mobilisation of British Jews as they stood up against the rising tide of antisemitism, tearing the mask of the so-called “anti-zionists, not antisemites” to prevent Britain from dangerous descent. For them: #NoSafePlaceForJewHate⁷⁰

I think that Wiley may well share Dr. Wolf's sense of awe. The Chief Rabbi in his July 26 letter to co-founder and CEO of Twitter, Jack Dorsey, accused the platform of both delay and indifference: “Free speech is a cornerstone of any civilized society, but when it is

used to incite hatred and violence against others, social media companies have a responsibility to act and to do so without delay.”⁷¹

If only Jerry Heller had received such a letter from his local rabbi. For all I know, maybe he did, though he makes no mention of it in his autobiography. Nevertheless, the Jewish problem remains despite the letter of the Chief Rabbi. The failure to accept any responsibility on the part of the Jews in relation to the whole unhappy business of the Wiley episode, brings to mind the observation of GK Chesterton written a century ago almost to the day:

To talk of the Jews always as the oppressed and never as the oppressors is simply absurd; it is as if men pleaded for reasonable help for exiled French aristocrats or ruined Irish landlords, and forgot that the French and Irish peasants had any wrongs at all.⁷²

The Blacks who were taken into slavery with the not inconsiderable – but by no means exclusive – efforts of Jews in that enslavement certainly makes for some soul-searching on the part of the Jews. Then again, slavery has been the operating system at the heart of every civilization if you go back far enough, and sad to say, it continues in many parts of the world today. In that sense there is plenty of soul-searching to go around.

Since the end of trans-Atlantic slavery, too many of the Blacks in the U.S. and the Caribbean, and their descendants here in the UK, have continued in that state in one form or another. The Black-Jewish alliance which was formed, ostensibly at least, in order to bring the Black man to the full measure of true freedom, as Murray Friedman sees it, too often saw the Black man used by the Jews as a proxy warrior to fight the battles which the Jews felt would achieve their goals. Harold Cruse referred to this tendency as the Jews using the Blacks to fight Jewish battles by “remote control.”⁷³ When racism was a problem feared by the Jews, the Black man was used by the Jews as a battering ram to smash racism, even where it never existed as in the Catholic neighborhoods of America's great northern cities. When Catholicism was perceived as the problem, Blacks were used to break up those same Catholic neighbourhoods, as documented by E. Michael Jones in his book, *The Slaughter of Cities*.⁷⁴ When it came to the musical dimension of the Black-Jewish alliance, the Jewish fear of a strong Christian culture was alle-

viated by using Black music to sexualize the nation's teenagers. When it looked like the Blacks had gone too far or when they suddenly got into powerful positions already occupied by the Jews, the alliance evaporated, most memorably in the case of the Black Panthers. As E. Michael Jones explains, "the revolutionary Jew will turn on the movements he has created when he no longer controls them."⁷⁵

WILEY, THE JEWS AND THE LAW

The Jews seem ever ready to promote an image of Blackness that is exaggerated or degraded in a way that ultimately weakens the wider society. How did they do this? Despite what Mark Ronson says, the Jewish hegemony over the music industry meant that they played a huge part in determining which Black music and which artist became popular. Referring to an almost identical Wileyesque episode back in 2017, Justin Joffe explains:

But as a proud Jew, I'm fascinated by the opportunity for dialogue that Fiasco has opened up. The historical reality is that Jewish label owners and producers have played a tremendous role in the shaping of the music industry, and much of that role has been on the backs of black artists.⁷⁶

Wiley for his part has hit out in a way that is easy for the Jews to counter as just another form of irrational, latent Black "anti-semitism." Wiley himself is the creation of the Black-Jewish alliance in music but he fails to see that he is part of the problem. He has adopted the very image which perpetuates the confected image of the appetite enslaved Black urban warrior which the Jews always liked to promote in order to revolutionize society while at the same time appearing as the champions of social justice, all the while making some good money in the bargain.

Wiley may have been banished from the major social media platforms but the Internet continues, for now at least, to provide a channel of communication for Wiley. He has apologized for his over-generalizations but in terms of his central charge, he is sticking to his guns. I'm not sure if he has read the *Merchant of Venice*, but Wiley has a deep sense that the Jews, like Shylock of old, still "crave the law."⁷⁷

I'm 41 now. I told them on Youtube 'I'm not anti-semitic, I just drew you [the Jews] out, I just drew you out. I just wanted people to see what you lot are like ... the peo-

ple I worked with within that system, and if you add on the people that they're connected to and the other Jewish communities that are going on and the anti-semitic companies [organizations] and the boss of Universal David Joseph has got two anti-semitic little companies flexin', and how they can come in and take your money and all this stuff that just screams 'the law' and 'the police' then you get what I'm trying to say like. My thing [the tweets] was just to show my people, 'You know what, you know that unfair world that youse lot kept talking about, it really does exist. And you know what, once I say this, they're gonna try and shut me down but in spirit and in life all that's going to happen is – kaboom - I'm just gonna get bigger because you know why, my word is not vicious or malicious'⁷⁸

Only time will tell whether Wiley's hoped for "kaboom" comes to pass but I think that even the Jews have to admire his kahones in taking them on. However un-PC his attack was, everyone knows who the David is in the contest and who the Goliath. Wiley is named after Wiley-kit of Thundercats fame but his underdog status is plain for all to see.

The enforced silence which Wiley may have to endure, while he awaits his "kaboom" is exactly what the man needs. In fact, the whole world would be grateful if the Black urban warrior would fall silent for a while. The Blacks have been singing and dancing and rapping to the tune of the Jewish piper for a century or more, and I think it would be a great relief to everyone – not least their own dear children – if they would just put down the microphone, switch off the decks and take off their dancing shoes. Having allowed the pandemic to take its toll on night life, could it be that the Good Lord is making space for a bit more soul-searching and a bit less a**-shaking? Sorry to have to break it to you all, but the twirling is just not working.

Ben Sidran describes the Black-Jewish alliance in music with the delightfully poetic image, "There was a fire." Well, the lesson for the Jews may sound trite but I think the old warning applies: if you play with fire, you are very likely to get burned. If you spend your time and talent stoking up the fires of revolution, it is rather unedifying to sound the fire alarm when some of that fire is directed at you. The same person taking on the role of arsonist and firefighter is rather like the little boy who asked his mother if he could grow up to be a drummer. The answer remains, "Son, you can't do both."

Ben Sidran places the Black-Jewish alliance in the broader cultural landscape of the 20th century:

Modernism implied that something was broken and then reassembled in a new way: cubism in the world of art, for example, was a graphic representation of this process. To see the world in a new way, one had to stop seeing it in the old, very much like the experience of Moses and the old generation who were prohibited from entering the promised land: something had to end for something else to be. There is an element of Talmudism at work in this: the idea here too is that the old world is shattered and needs to be reassembled in a new way.⁷⁹

WILEY AND THE JEWS - LESSONS

Well, be careful what you wish for. The reassembled monster may come after you. As for talk of shattering and reassembling, E. Michael Jones will swap you these two distinctly messianic words for two others which more effectively reveal the modernist emperor's new clothes: "rationalized lust."⁸⁰ Could that be what homosexual Jewish songwriter David Ritz had in mind when he penned these immortal lines for Marvin Gaye, who at the time – sojourning in another of the Low Countries – was trying to resolve his Christianity with his interest in sado-masochistic graphic novels and his cross-dressing?

Baby, I'm hot just like an oven
I need some lovin'
And baby, I can't hold it much longer
It's getting stronger and stronger
And when I get that feeling
I want sexual healing⁸¹

Well, in the spirit of Wilhelm Reich's sexual revolution, the world has tried the sexual healing prescribed by David Ritz and the world has become ever more unwell. For the Jews, this shattering and reassembling referred to by Ben Sidran is not merely an individual assignment, undertaken like any committed modern to justify and to extol a life of personal immorality, but assumes a much more grandiose purpose which reveals the animating spirit of Jewish messianism:

The Jew has made a historic profession, has raised to a high art the life of the outsider; in the process, Jews have

shaped their alienation into a kind of rolling dynamic that fuels not only modernism but social progress.⁸²

Well, if the Jews are sick and tired of Wiley's ranting diatribes, the world and his wife are getting sick and tired of the Jews' rolling dynamic, not to mention the Jewish approach to social progress. No doubt Bernard Nathanson and Lawrence Lader considered the legalization of abortion in the U.S. as part of the Jewish rolling dynamic which fuelled the Jewish vision of social progress.⁸³ If anyone considers gay "marriage" as another hallmark of social progress, he will surely be voting Joe Biden for president, given the former vice-president's enthusiasm for the idea. Biden was happy to acknowledge the vital role played by the Jews in the normalization of homosexuality and the wider acceptance of gay "marriage":

It wasn't anything we legislatively did. It was "Will and Grace," it was the social media. Literally. That's what changed peoples' attitudes. That's why I was so certain that the vast majority of people would embrace and rapidly embrace gay marriage. Think behind of all that, I bet you 85 percent of those changes, whether it's in Hollywood or social media are a consequence of Jewish leaders in the industry. The influence is immense, the influence is immense. And, I might add, it is all to the good.⁸⁴

With social progress efforts like that to their credit, a man is bound to call for a little less effort on the part of the Jews, not to mention a little less encouragement from Catholics like Joe Biden. If the Blacks should now realize the last thing the world needs is more "raving," the Jews would do well to stop thinking that the world needs more saving. The world has its one and only Saviour, and the sooner the Jews recognize Him rather than trying to replace Him, the better for all of us, and the better by far for the Jews themselves. As Fr. Denis Fahey explains, "the refusal of the Jews, whose national organization was set up by God to prepare for Christ, to accept the supra-national Church of Christ, inevitably leads to their setting up their nation as the highest embodiment of the Divine Order."⁸⁵

That's quite an undertaking. They may have silenced Wiley for now, but in doing so they may cause others to have more and more sympathy with Wiley's aforementioned claim that the Jews think they are too important.

The greatest danger we Catholics face is the one Our Blessed Lord warned of repeatedly, the danger of find-

ing fault with others while being blind to one's own failings. In this case, the failing for which Catholics will be held accountable is spelled out by the prophet Ezekiel:

Son of man, I have made you a watchman for the house of Israel; warning from me. If I say to the wicked, "You shall surely die," and you give him no warning, nor speak to warn the wicked from his wicked way, in order to save his life, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood I will require at your hand. (Ezekiel 3: 17-18)

It's high time that we Catholics took this role of watchman more seriously. If you're not already praying for the conversion of our Jewish brothers and sisters, now is the perfect time to start:

O God, Who dost manifest Thy mercy and compassion towards all peoples, have mercy upon the Jewish race, once Thy Chosen People. Thou didst select them alone out of all the nations of the world to be the custodians of Thy sacred teachings. From them Thou didst raise up Prophets and Patriarchs to announce the coming of the Redeemer. Thou didst will that Thine only Son, Jesus Christ Our Lord and Savior, should be a Jew according to the flesh, born of a Jewish maiden in the Land of Promise. Listen to the prayers we offer Thee today for the conversion of the Jewish people. Grant that they may come safely to a knowledge and love of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Messiah foretold by their Prophets, and that they may walk with us in the way of salvation. Amen.

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an with multiple and multiplying conditions, with a degenerative, progressive and, lest we forget, incurable disease, this woman whose life moves in one direction only, who's had pretty near everything taken from her – her health, her youth, her work?

"You think I'm mad, don't you ... saying it's a gift ..."

"Well..."

"I know what you're thinking, you're thinking, 'Well ... if it makes him happy and keeps him quiet.'"

"No, I don't think that ... but I can't quite see the gift."

"It is a gift ... without it who'd have known we could do this. Remember how I used to go around saying I was the worst carer in the world?"

"You're not ..."

"No, I'm not. I know I'm not – but still, who'd have thought I could do this?"

This gift, without which I'd never have known I could do this, never have been here, never have written these words. A gift, without which I'd never have known suffering and its true meaning, without which I'd never have known love and its true meaning. Sure, I've loved people and they've loved me – parents, siblings, wife and kids certainly – but I hardly used the word and never knew what it meant. Now I do. It's wanting the best for someone the true best – not what's best for them for you, but what's best for them. It's unconditional and it's true. And what's also true is that the sicker she gets, the more I love her.

So, to you who ask who can believe in a god who permits such suffering, I say, "Who cares what God permits – rather look at what

God gives. And, while you're at it, look at the mercy he shows.

Suffering measured out and dispensed over half a lifetime. Fifteen good years, followed by ten not-too-bad-years and now, the final amazing-what-you-can-just-about-bear years, and all, intertwined with family: children: growing, leaving, marrying – grandchildren. Decline deferred at least till they've gone. Daily, weekly, monthly, yearly the closing-in and the sinking-down – and all perfectly paced to a life and its inexorable end. And then, late, (but not too late) –the germination of faith – mine and hers – each cross-pollinating the other. Suffering so carefully calibrated to effect, but never, ever to overwhelm, love.

WHY YOU?

And so, to that lapsed Catholic: By the time I met her she'd been married once and divorced once, an enthusiastic consumer of artificial contraception (though never abortion) who hadn't been near a church in years. At our wedding – Registry Office, just us two and two witnesses – no friends, no family, no vows, hands in pockets throughout. Then, wife and mother: no baptism, no First Communion, no Confirmation, no faith for these children and silence in the face of her husband's Jewish yammering. And still she persists. After five years of faith together, still she delights in telling me it's all a load of nonsense and, as the plate is passed round, she whispers, "Why don't they just sell some statues?"

So, you'll forgive me when, on occasions, and in moments of some exasperation, when she's bewailing

her fate, "Why me?" I'll say, "Why you? Listen, you're bloody lucky! You've got the minimum! You've been given the absolute bloody minimum to bring you to your senses!"

And when she's lost, saying she must have done something wicked to be punished like this, I find myself saying no, my love, God doesn't punish people like you, why would he? No, God loves you, especially you. He loves you so much, he wants you and knows only this will bring you to him. It's the minimum. Nothing else will do.

And when we're on the run from door-stepping journalists, as the entire family is in shock, when the world seems to be falling round our ears, we're in a motel halfway up the M1, I come back from the shower to her sitting in her nightie on the side of the bed mouthing what I later find to be the *Memo-rare*, Bernard of Clairvaux's money-back-guaranteed prayer to the Virgin Mary,

Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thine intercession was left unaided. Inspired by this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of virgins, my mother; to thee do I come, before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy hear my prayer and grant the favor that I seek.

...and at the Good Friday ceremony, lights down, statues shrouded, the Cross is brought in and placed before the altar, she hauls herself out of her seat (she can hardly walk now) and hobbles in line to kiss the feet of the crucified Christ.

THE "ALMOST BEATIFIED" CARDINAL

Why the Canonization of Cardinal Stepinac was put on hold and who was responsible for it

Stepinac: His Life and Times (Herefordshire, England: Gracewing, 2016) by Robin Harris

REVIEWED BY E. MICHAEL JONES

On October 3, 1998, Pope John Paul II beatified Alojzije Cardinal Stepinac at the national shrine of Marija Bistrica in front of 500,000 Croats.¹ The next step was canonization. On February 10, 2014, the memorial of Blessed Stepinac, Cardinal Angelo Amato, Prefect of

identity of a representative of the Holy See, to examine the wartime record of Blessed Aloysius. Pope Francis established the commission in "May 2016 after receiving a letter from the Patriarch of the Serbian Orthodox Church Irinej, who stated his opposition to the car-

The canonization of Stepinac is a historic case. He is a virtuous man for this Church, which has proclaimed him Blessed, you can pray [through his intercession]. But at a certain moment of the canonization process there are unclear points, historic points, and I should sign the

canonization, it is my responsibility, I prayed, I reflected, I asked advice, and I saw that I should ask

Stepinac, according to Harris, was the victim of a Serbian-Communist conspiracy.

the Congregation for the Causes of the Saints, announced that the canonization was possible in the year 2015 during the Eucharistic celebration over which he presided at St. Jerome's church in Rome.² What looked like a sure thing in 1998, however, never happened, and why it never happened has become an object of intense speculation and discussion ever since.

The Croats, as we have come to expect, blamed the Serbs, largely because Pope Francis convoked "a commission of Catholic and Orthodox leaders," under the pres-

dinal's canonization."³ Instead of coming to an agreement on the life of one of the most heroic figures in the post-World War II Church in eastern Europe, the commission concluded its work within the foreseen time frame of one year, it terminated its investigation in the summer of 2017 without reaching any results "agreeing to disagree about the Croatian cardinal's cause for canonization."⁴

When Pope Francis was asked about Stepinac on his return from Bulgaria on March 17, 2019,⁵ he replied:

Irinej, a great patriarch, for help. We made a historic commission together and we worked together, and both Irinej and I are interested in the truth. Who is helped by a declaration of sanctity if the truth is not clear? We know that [Stepinac] was a good man, but to make this step I looked for the help of Irinej and they are studying. First of all, the commission was set up and gave its opinion. They are studying other sources, deepening some points so that the truth is clear. I am not afraid of the truth, I am not afraid. I am afraid of the judgment of God.⁶

As in so many instances lately, Pope Francis once again spread confusion in the very act of making a clarification. If Stepinac's life is an example of heroic virtue, as Pope John Paul II claimed, what's holding back the canonization? Or is he, as the pope says, "a virtuous man for this church" alone? And if so, what does that mean? At what point did his status become unclear after his beatification? Shouldn't the committee which approved his beatification have looked into unclear, historic points before beatifying him? Or are we talking about the difference between John Paul II, who like Stepinac lived under both Nazi and Communist rule, and Francis, who experienced neither? According to Matija Stahan, the Serbs presented no new evidence and Irinej made use of sources that have "perpetuated allegations fabricated by the Yugoslav government after World War II to remove Stepinac from the public as a symbol of Christianity and Croatian patriotism."⁷ As proof that Stepinac was not guilty of the crimes which Patriarch Irinej laid at his feet, Stahan cites evidence from *Stepinac: His life and Time* by Robin Harris, who refers to the campaign to defame Stepinac as the "project":

That project—as Stepinac himself well understood—meant that, in practice, the Yugoslav Communist Party and elements within the Serbian Orthodox Church, which otherwise had nothing in common, shared a joint goal. This consisted of demonizing the Catholic Church (to which nearly all Croats belonged) and the Croatian nation (which numerically, culturally and economically was, alone, in a position to challenge Serbian suprem-



acy). The existence of this unholy and unspoken combination helps explain why the black legend against Stepinac was so persistent and its promotion so effective.⁸

The bland tone we have come to expect from press releases issued by official Vatican commissions failed to allay the outrage and betrayal Catholic Croats felt at the hand of the Vatican. Catholics had been suspicious of the commission from its inception. In 2016, Professor Ronald J. Rychlak, who has written about Pope Pius XII, whose canonization had been stalled by the Vatican for lack of a miracle—even though he had been proclaimed "venerabilis" in 2009—announced that the Serbian case against Stepinac was "a false narrative created by Soviet agents."⁹

Stepinac's sermons were "prohibited ... from being published,

because they were so strong against the Ustashe," Rychlak said. Instead, his words were secretly printed and circulated and occasionally broadcast over the radio. He also severely condemned the Ustashe's destruction of Zagreb's main synagogue in 1941 and in an October 1943 homily, the archbishop condemned notions of racial superiority.

Robin Harris's 2016 biography of Stepinac joined the chorus of outrage which Rychlak articulated in the same year. Stepinac, according to Harris, was the victim of a Serbian-Communist conspiracy. His show trial was Serbian payback for the show trial of Draza Mihailovic, the Serbian leader of the guerrilla group known as the Chetniks, to whom Harris attributes war crimes of the same magnitude as those committed by the Ustashe, the Croatian fascist state. "The



stoking of hatred against the Catholic Church remained a means of keeping the Serbian Orthodox Church and Serb nationalists sympathetic to the regime. Tito, under pressure from the Americans, would later justify his reluctance to free Stepinac by referring directly to Serbian Orthodox sensitivities.¹⁰ According to Harris, the controversy which surrounded the canonization of Cardinal Stepinac in 2016 can be laid directly at the feet of the Communists, who “had systematically played on Serbian desires for revenge by knowingly exaggerating Catholic Croat misdeeds.”¹¹

Serbian nationalism may be responsible for slandering Stepinac’s memory in the former Yugoslavia, but Harris attributes the ongoing animus against Stepinac abroad which stalled his canonization to “propaganda from Communist circles.”¹² “Lenin’s imitators in Yugoslavia,” Harris continues “have, indeed, found plenty of ‘useful idiots’ in the West, though the idiocy is often concealed behind a veil of erudition.”¹³

It is worth noting that Harris wrote these lines 25 years after the collapse of the Soviet Union and 36 years after the death of Tito. To say that “Lenin’s imitators” were hard at work in the West stalling Stepinac’s canonization in 2017 is nothing short of preposterous, but the fact that Harris made the claim is a significant lead and needs to be examined more closely in order to discover the true identity of the group which is hiding behind the cover of a now defunct communism.

Harris spends a lot of time defending Stepinac’s actions during the war by rebutting the allegations of writers like John Cornwell, who claimed that “priests, invariably Franciscans, took a leading part in the massacres”¹⁴ of Serbs at concentration camps like Jasenovac, where a renegade Franciscan who came to be known as Brother Satan engaged in the slaughter, but only after he had been excommunicated by the Church as soon as they found out what he was doing.

Harris marshals enough evidence to make a convincing case that

Stepinac had nothing to do with the persecution of Serbs, Jews, or Gypsies that took place under the Ustashe, and that he did whatever was in his power to denounce those atrocities and come to the aid of those whom he could help once the situation became clear. Stepinac wrote to the Poglavnik, Ante Pavelic, when the Ustashe murdered 260 Serbs without a court hearing or investigation.¹⁵ Stepinac was so vocal that the Gestapo in Graz complained about “help for Jews organized by ‘the anti-German Croatian Archbishop, Dr. Alojzije Stepinac.’”¹⁶

When the Croatian Novelist Mile Budak, one of the chief ideologues of the Ustashe regime, attacked Communism, Stepinac gave Budak his support, but when Budak later endorsed Ustashe atrocities, Stepinac parted company with him and defended the Catholic clergy as patriotic in the true sense of the word because they rejected the “evil idea of pagan nationalism as it appeared in Germany.”¹⁷ Stepinac distinguished between the Catholic understanding of race and the ideology that was being forced on them by what called itself a Catholic government, by citing two ideas for specific condemnation, namely:

“We are and we remain the offspring of wolves and lions,” and “Peace-making must be destroyed, and a new route taken from the past.” That kind of revolutionary paganism was, of course, what he had warned against in his earlier conversation with Budak in August 1940, and now he urged the contrary—quoting the Sermon on the Mount, “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God.”¹⁸

Stepinac staunchly maintained the universal nature of the Catholic Church:

The members of that race can have a higher or lower level of culture, can be white or black, can be divided by oceans, can live at the North or the South Pole, but essentially they remain the race which comes from God, and which must serve God according to the norms of the natural law and the positive law of God, written in the hearts and souls of men, and manifested through the Son of God, Jesus Christ, the ruler of all nations. All of them without distinction, whether members of the race of Gypsies or any other, be they blacks or polished Europeans, be they hated Jews or proud Aryans—they all equally have the right to say: ‘Our Father, Who art in Heaven!’ And if God has granted to all of them that right, what earthly authority can deny it? All nations, without distinction as to names, equally have the duty to say: ‘And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us!’

Therefore, the Catholic Church has always condemned, and condemns today, every injustice and violence which is committed in the name of theories of class, race or nationality.¹⁹

But, at the same time, when Stepinac proclaimed the universality of the Catholic Church, he did so as, to use the words he attributed to Pope Pius XII, the “defender of small and weak nations”²⁰ like Croatia, which found itself in a very difficult situation in 1943 when he preached the homily that used those words. Stepinac believed in the universality of the Catholic Church but the man who held those beliefs was also a Croa-

tian patriot who felt that the NDH was the most pro-Catholic regime in recent history and as such deserving the support of the Croatian people.

Harris does a good job of refuting Irinej’s claim that Stepinac “did not want to hear the children’s cry” as they were led off to concentration camps, but the real issue lies outside the discussion. Like Harris, Stahan, writing for *Crisis*, defends Stepinac’s war record. There is ample evidence showing that Stepinac was not reluctant to intervene when he was aware of what was going on. The issue seems to lie elsewhere, not with his actions during the war but with what he did before the war when the Ustashe

in France since the French Revolution, Stepinac welcomed the Ustashe’s efforts in combatting pornography and abortion, crimes which he attributed to Jews and Serbs. In response to what he saw as the defamation of a heroic figure in Croatian history who stood up to both the fascists and the communists, Sasa Kosanovic wrote:

Stepinac claims that violence is only a response to the persecution of Croats in the interwar period and emphasizes that the NDH is fighting against abortion and pornography. According to him, Jews and Serbs are responsible for both. According to Stepinac, the NDH introduced religious education in schools, banned swearing, fought

In 1911, the Romanian Jew Bernard Natan was convicted of making pornographic films in France for Pathe films but the conviction failed to put an end to pornography production there as Natan produced at least 20 hardcore films between 1920 and 1927.

came to power in Yugoslavia.

Stepinac was a Croatian patriot, and as such he supported the NDH to the extent that they fostered the good of the Croatian nation. The crucial issue, in other words, is Stepinac’s attitude toward the Ustashe before the war, not after the war had begun and the atrocities at places like Jasenovac perpetrated by Fra Satana took place.

Like the famous Dominican Thomist Reginald Garrigou-La-grange in France, who claimed that the Petain regime was the most pro-Catholic government

against communists and Freemasons, increased the salaries of priests, and built churches, so the Church responded to this expression of goodwill with the same measure.

In a letter to Cardinal Maglione written on May 24, 1943, Stepinac explained why he supported the NDH:

There was talk of 20,000 abortions a year, while good Catholic doctors told me that the number was closer to 60,000. The evil of abortion grew in such a way that I had to write a letter to the doctors, warning them of the responsibility be-

fore God for those crimes. But the schismatic government in Belgrade did nothing to stop the advance of this evil in Croatia, because it is inspired primarily by Jewish and Orthodox doctors. . . . This Croatian government has strictly forbidden all pornographic publications that also were run by the Jews and the orthodox.²¹

Evidence of the existence of pornography in Serbia came to light on July 2, 2015, when Biljana Marinkovic published an article on vintage erotica which she found in a Serbian farmers' market.²² Many of the pictures, which were posted on Tumblr, clearly date to the period before World War II.

On December 7, 1935, Archbishop Stepinac wrote a letter to the prime minister in Belgrade complaining about *Krokodil*, a "pornographic magazine" that was being printed in Belgrade using the Latin alphabet, as opposed to the Cyrillic which would have been the normal standard for magazines published in that city.²³ Stepinac demanded that action be taken banning the magazine because so far "it seems that nothing has been done . . . to end this horrendous evil of spreading immoral publications . . . although the law is clear." Acting on his own, Stepinac had gotten *Love Messenger* banned in Zagreb, but, based on the evidence he had already mentioned, he felt that the source of this material was not within his diocese. "What is the point" of banning material in Zagreb, "when now we have a publication sent to us from Belgrade that appears to be specifically made for outside regions, since it is not distributed in Belgrade." Stepinac concluded that

Catholics were being specifically targeted by this material because Croatian versions of the words were used inside, like the Croatian names for months instead of the Serbian names which would be used if the magazine were intended for a Serbian audience. Stepinac concluded his letter by saying that the country would fall to communism if the moral subversion of young people in Yugoslavia wasn't halted:

Is it even possible under these circumstances to fight against communism that is spreading like a

but openly spreading immorality among citizens, that –if they become morally corrupt –could easily fall into the arms of communism.²⁴

Pornography in the form of films produced in Vienna by Johann Schwarzer, who founded Saturn Films in 1906, became extremely popular in Europe and began appearing in Croatian coastal cities like Rijeka before World War I.²⁵ Saturn Films went out of business in 1911 after the Imperial Court of the Austro-Hungarian Empire banned further production to hinder the spread of immorality. In

A miracle involving the healing of the electrician Geraldo Machado da Silva ... was approved on November 21, 2003, confirming that the miracle came after Dehon's intercession was invoked.

menace everywhere when all kinds of obstacles are put in place to hinder the actions of the Church? Who will save the corrupt youth from communism? And when we –in the name of morals and of the Church raise our voice about all the evil that is spreading –then the same press that is growing, and is disseminating evil around –is hitting at us with all kinds of suspicions and slander. Mister Prime Minister –evil and immoral press is an unspeakable evil for our people and our state. Our Law in that regard is clear and unambiguous. I am asking you that –with your own authority, and thru the Central Pressburo that is subordinated to you –most energetically stand in the way of –not only this pornographic publication, but also to all press, that is now indirectly,

1911, the Romanian Jew Bernard Natan was convicted of making pornographic films in France for Pathe films but the conviction failed to put an end to pornography production there as Natan went on to produce at least 20 hardcore films between 1920 and 1927.²⁶ By the 1930s, these films, as Stepinac pointed out, had been weaponized by a cabal of Serbs and Jews to undermine the morals of Yugoslavia's Catholic population. After the Ustashe came to power in Yugoslavia, Stepinac praised their efforts to rein in what he was calling Jewish-Serbian promotion of pornography and abortion.

A new version of that Serbian-Jewish alliance is now working against the canonization of Car-

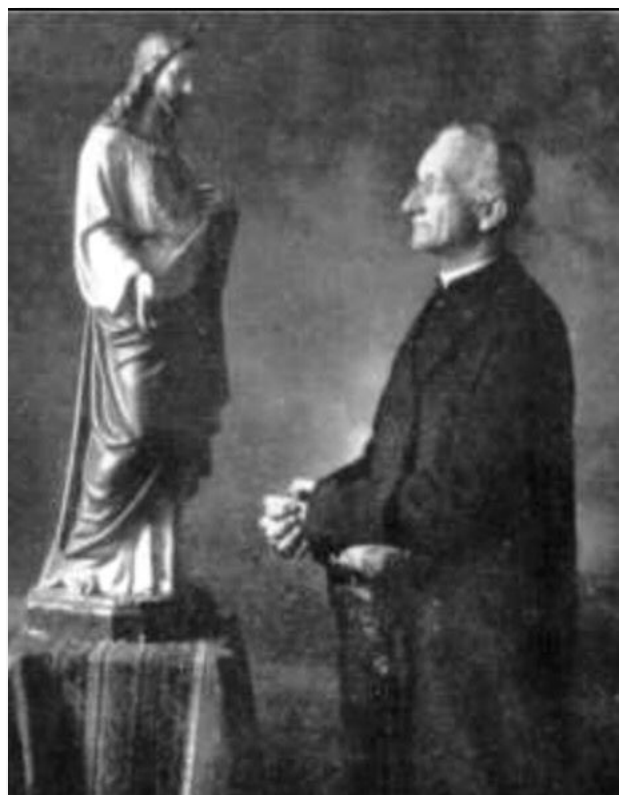
dinal Stepinac, and the cardinal's defenders don't want to bring it up because of a tacit consensus among Catholics that any mention of Jewish involvement in anything immoral or illegal can be construed as anti-Semitism. Unlike an arcane topic like Jewish involvement in the history of pornography in Yugoslavia, Jewish influence over the Church's canonization proceedings is easier to discern. On February 16, 2017, as the joint Serb-Croat commission was wrestling with Stepinac's legacy, "Nazi Hunter" Efraim Zuroff, the director of the Simon Wiesenthal Centre's Israel and Eastern Europe office, announced in an interview on Radio-Television Vojvodina that it would be "a religious tragedy" if Stepinac were canonized because "It is quite clear, and 100 per cent true that the Catholic Bishop Alojzije Stepinac was close to the [fascist] Ustasa regime of the Independent Croatian State [NDH]. He never spoke out against the system and didn't condemn its crimes. . . ." Zuroff went on to criticize Croatian authorities for honoring Stepinac "by naming streets after him or erecting monuments to him, as they did in the eastern city of Osijek last week. . . . "I tried to draw the attention of the authorities in Zagreb not to do so, but there's no justice nor truth," he said.²⁷

In light of that influence, Harris's preposterous claim about "Lenin's imitators" becomes understandable as a code word for Jews, a group which was notable by its absence from Harris's book but which was active in waging jihad in the culture wars surrounding the canonization conflict. Jews masquerading as communists were

active in slandering Stepinac during the period of Tito's show trials. Avro Manhattan (1914-1990) was a Jew and a notorious anti-Catholic who was a friend of renegade Catholic priest Viktor Novak (1889-1977), the main author of *Magnum Crimen*, the main source of the slanders that were levelled against Stepinac and the Catholic Church during Tito's show trial.

That legacy has continued to this day.

Unlike Harris, *Crisis* condemns "The inclusion of a non-Catholic religious leader in the process of proclaiming a Catholic saint" as "virtually unprecedented,"²⁸ but in doing so they neglect the main group which has been granted the right to interfere in virtually every canonization process since at least 2005 when the canonization process for French priest Leon Gustave Dehon (1823-1925) was derailed in a manner almost identical to what happened to Cardinal Stepinac. Ever since 2005, when the canonization of Father Dehon was put on hold, Jews have had veto power over who gets to be named a saint in the Catholic Church. Dehon's case followed virtually the same trajectory as Stepinac's. Pope John Paul II declared Dehon venerable on March 8, 1997, "confirming that the late priest had lived a life of heroic



virtue."²⁹ A miracle involving the healing of the electrician Geraldo Machado da Silva from a grave case of peritonitis on June 1, 1954 was approved on November 21, 2003, confirming that the miracle came after Dehon's intercession was invoked.³⁰

At this point, the Jews began to raise their objections, claiming that Dehon expressed anti-Semitic views in his writings. According to extracts from an article published in the French newspaper *La Croix*, Dehon claimed that Jews were "thirsty for gold," that Jews' "lust for money is a racial instinct in them," and that the Talmud is "a manual for the bandit, the corrupter, and social destroyer."³¹ Dehon also suggested that Jews wear special markings and that they be excluded from land ownership and teaching positions.

Even if we accept *La Croix's* claims at face value, problems arise



in evaluating the claims. The term “racial instinct” needs clarification because taken in a certain sense it contradicts the consensus of Dehon’s contemporaries, including Stepinac. As for the other claims, they are either insignificant or part of the constant teaching of the Catholic Church up to that time. *Sicut Iudeis non* clearly stated that Jews should be denied teaching positions in any Christian country and that Catholic girls should not work as maids in Jewish homes. Popes reiterated this position in letters to Poland, where the admonition was routinely ignored. Heinrich Graetz, the father of Jewish historiography, argued that Polish Jews were corrupted by their study of the Talmud, giving credence to the claim that it was “a manual for the bandit, the corrupter, and social destroyer.”

The best indication that Dehon was in line with Catholic teaching on the Jews was the publication of the three-part series on the Jewish Question which appeared in *Civiltà Cattolica* over the fall of 1890.

and it is clear that Catholic prelates who were vocal in their opposition to the racial ideology at the heart of National Socialism shared it. It is also clear that Pope John Paul II, who also suffered under both communism and fascism, understood it as well and that he was not going to sacrifice people like Stepinac and Dehon to a Jewish distortion of the historical record.

That situation in the Church changed when Pope John Paul II died and he was succeeded on the throne of Peter by his former prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, Joseph Ratzinger. Because Ratzinger was a German, and worse, had actually served in the Wehrmacht during World War II, albeit as a teenager in a unit which had no military significance, Pope Benedict XVI, was blackmailable, in a certain sense, simply because he was a German, because according to contemporary parlance all Germans were Nazis until proven otherwise, and the point of German existence after World War II was to prove

The fact that that article, published in the official journal of the Vatican, referred to the “voracious octopus of Judaism” is one more indication that Jewish lust for money and thirst for gold were part of the Catholic patrimony concerning their understanding of the Jewish question,

innocence by works of supererogation like reparations payments and throwing fellow Catholics under the bus, which is what Ratzinger did with Dehon. To make matters worse, Ratzinger had been exposed to a ruthless form of social engineering at the hands of Jewish American psychological warfare experts like David Mardechai Levy which sought to instill collective guilt in the German people through the systematic corruption of their morals. The main vehicle of that corruption was pornography, which, as Stepinac had pointed out, was a Jewish phenomenon. Instead of joining the battle against “*Schmutz und Schund*,” Ratzinger’s generation of German clergy internalized the commands of their oppressors and began to apply those commands to anyone who came up for canonization. Given the widespread consensus which the Church shared on the Jewish Question up to World War II, that meant anyone born during the last half of the 19th century would run into problems.

Ratzinger got wind of the Dehon issue while still prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, when he received an urgent letter from Jean-Marie Lustiger, the formerly Jewish Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, expressing alarm at Dehon’s writings and asking Ratzinger to put the canonization on hold. When the French government said that it would not send a representative to the beatification if it went ahead, Ratzinger capitulated and “ordered an urgent re-examination of Dehon’s writings.”³² Shortly thereafter, Ratzinger “resigned” from his job as pope. According to a Croatian language news report:

Benedict's resignation was caused by the shame that broke out when the Bank of Italy blocked ATMs in the Vatican on New Year's Eve. It was the last straw in a glass already full as the cardinal commission on the Vatileaks affair a week earlier, on Christmas Day, delivered to Benedict XVI a report on the investigation among the cardinals and prelates. The journalist believes and claims that the former Pope did not have any effective weapon against thieves, except himself: by renouncing his duty, he hoped to start an avalanche.

Ratzinger's resignation from the papacy passed the problem on to Pope Francis, who tried to deal with the case of "the almost beatified Dehon" by introducing a form of historical relativism into the canonization process, claiming that the priest's attitudes needed to be viewed in their historical context, rather than wondering why the historical context had changed and, more importantly, who changed it.

Ratzinger's weakness manifested itself in other ways as well. He never stopped being the German professor, publishing books simultaneously as pope and under his own name in a scandalous break with tradition. The curia was happy to humor Ratzinger's fantasies as long as he left them alone to use the IOR as their own personal ATM machine. Ratzinger opted to resign when he realized that he could not reform the financial corruption at the heart of the curia, leaving that problem to his successor Pope Francis, who dealt with it in his own way.

For years now every canonization proceeding has been held hostage to Jewish interests, which now have veto power over who gets to

be named a saint. Members of the order which Dehon founded were left to make a virtue of necessity. They did this by internalizing the commands of their oppressors and reconciling themselves to the fact that their almost saintly founder was in reality a wicked anti-Semite. Confronted with the fact that in his 1898 *Social Catechism*, Father Dehon wrote that Jewish people "willingly favor all the enemies of the church,"³³ Father Jose Carlos Brinon, a Spanish priest who had been charged with promulgating Father Dehon's cause, said: "Of

ern European lineage. They are, probably, the scum of the earth. . . . These Jews seem to think of nothing but money making and sexual indulgence. The vilest kind of sin is a common indulgence hereabouts, and the men and the women who engage in this sort of business are the men and women who decide what the film fare of the nation is supposed to be."³⁵

Breen saw the sexualization issue in ethnic terms because that is how everyone else saw it too, including the Jews of that era. Leo Pfeffer, lawyer for the American

"It is true," Hlond wrote, "that Jews . . . have a corruptive influence on morals, and that their publishing houses are spreading pornography."

course I would like to see Leon Dehon beatified, but not at the cost of our friendship with the Jewish people."³⁴

As my reference to Garrigou-Lagrange indicates, Stepinac was no different in his views than virtually every other prominent Catholic in Europe at the time, all of whom saw Bolshevism as a Jewish phenomenon that all Christians needed to resist. Joseph I. Breen's comments about the pernicious effect Hollywood's Jews were having in America is just one example of this widely shared consensus. Breen, the first man in charge of the Hollywood Production code saw the battle over the sexualization of American culture issue in essentially ethnic terms as well. "Ninety-five percent of these folks," he wrote describing the Hollywood moguls of the 1930s, "are Jews of an East-

Jewish Committee and strategist for a number of key Supreme Court decisions, from *Schempp v. Abington School Board* to *Lemon v. Kurtzman*, decisions which effectively defined the cultural revolution of the '60s, noted the same ethnic divide over the sexualization of the culture in one of his memoirs. "After World War I," he wrote, "Irish-oriented American Catholicism began taking over leadership in anti-obscenity militancy. Catholic organizations such as the National Office for Decent Literature and the national Legion of Decency . . . became the nations' most militant and effective defender of morals and censorship." As a result, America's Catholics came into cultural conflict with the Jews who promoted the sexualization of American culture. "American Jewry," according to

Pfeffer, supported that sexualization “because many Jews, far more proportionately than the other faiths, are commercially and professionally involved in the cinema and publishing.”

The situation in eastern Europe during the 1930s was no different. On February 29, 1936, shortly after the American Bishops imposed the production code on Hollywood, Agustin Cardinal Hlond, the primate of Poland, issued a pastoral letter on morals, in which he claimed that the Jews were having a similarly corrupting influence on Polish Catholics. “It

mined to accuse him of anti-Semitism, Hlond went on to say that:

So long as Jews remain Jews, a Jewish problem exists and will continue to exist. This question varies in intensity and degree from country to country. It is especially difficult in our country, and ought to be the object of serious consideration. I shall touch briefly here on its moral aspects in connection with the situation today. It is a fact that Jews are waging war against the Catholic Church, that they are steeped in free-thinking and constitute the vanguard of atheism, the Bolshevik movement, and revolutionary

Like Stepinac, Cardinal Graf von Galen was a patriot who supported a regime which he saw as the antidote to Jewish Bolshevism. When Hitler tried to impose his racial ideology on Germany's Catholics, however, Graf von Galen rejected the attempt in no uncertain terms.

is true,” Hlond wrote, “that Jews . . . have a corruptive influence on morals, and that their publishing houses are spreading pornography . . .” This part of his pastoral letter is invariably quoted as proof of Hlond’s “anti-Semitism,” but no mention is made of what follows because instead of spouting racial ideology Hlond’s pastoral letter is a classic instance of the two part teaching on the Jews that goes by the name of “*Sicut Iudeis non* . . .” which states 1) that no one may harm the Jew, but 2) that no Jew has the right to subvert the faith or morals of a Christian nation.

In a passage which never gets quoted by those who are deter-

activity. It is a fact that Jews have a corruptive influence on morals, and that their publishing houses are spreading pornography. It is true that Jews are perpetrating fraud, practicing usury, and dealing in prostitution. It is true that, from a religious and ethical point of view, Jewish youth are having a negative influence on the Catholic youth in our schools. But let us be fair. Not all Jews are this way. There are very many Jews who are believers, honest, just, kind, and philanthropic. There is a healthy, edifying sense of family in very many Jewish homes. We know Jews who are ethically outstanding, noble, and upright. I warn against that moral stance, imported

from abroad [he is clearly thinking of Germany] that is basically and ruthlessly anti-Jewish. It is contrary to Catholic ethics. One may love one’s own nation more, but one may not hate anyone. Not even Jews. It is good to prefer your own kind when shopping, to avoid Jewish stores and Jewish stalls in the marketplace, but it is forbidden to demolish a Jewish store, damage their merchandise, break windows, or throw things at their homes. One should stay away from the harmful moral influence of Jews, keep away from their anti-Christian culture, and especially boycott the Jewish press and demoralizing Jewish publications. But it is forbidden to assault, beat up, maim, or slander Jews. One should honor Jews as human beings and neighbors, even though we do not honor the indescribable tragedy of that nation, which was the guardian of the idea of the Messiah and from which was born the Savior. When divine mercy enlightens a Jew to sincerely accept his and our Messiah, let us greet him into our Christian ranks with joy. Beware of those who are inciting anti-Jewish violence. They are serving a bad cause. Do you know who is giving the orders? Do you know who is intent on these riots? No good comes from these rash actions. And it is Polish blood that is sometimes being shed at them.³⁶

Even closer to Stepinac’s position was the situation of Cardinal Clemens Auguste Graf von Galen, who, as bishop of Muenster, defied Hitler’s racial ideology in his own country. Like Stepinac, Cardinal Graf von Galen was a patriot who supported a regime which he saw as the antidote to Jewish Bolshevism, which meant that he gave his support to the German invasion of the Soviet Union. When Hitler

tried to impose his racial ideology on Germany's Catholics, however, Graf von Galen rejected the attempt in no uncertain terms, gaining the undying ire of Hitler, who promised to settle this score after the war.

Bishop Clemens August Graf von Galen was another example of the same attitude which Stepinac manifested toward the Jews. According to the file on Graf von Galen at the Israeli holocaust memorial Yad Vashem:

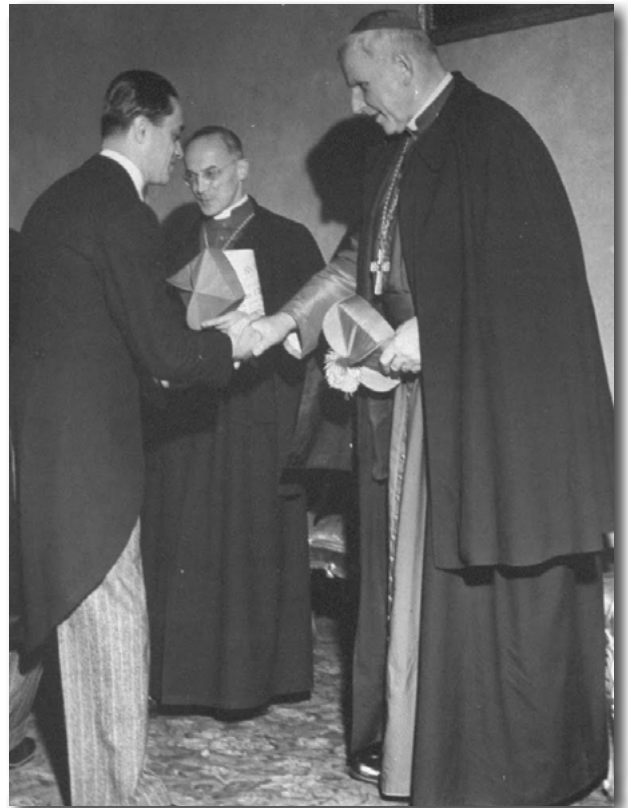
(1878–1946), the German Catholic archbishop who was one of the most outstanding Catholic opponents of Nazism and Adolf Hitler. When the Nazis rose to national power in Germany in 1933, Galen pledged his allegiance to them, in the hope that they would win back the country's honor, which had been lost during World War I. However, he changed his mind after discovering the Nazis' anti-Catholic propaganda campaign, and after reading *The Myth of the Twentieth Century* by chief Nazi ideologist Alfred Rosenberg. Galen immediately denounced the book for its pagan, racist, and anti-Catholic content. Galen's most famous anti-Nazi action was his condemning of the Euthanasia Program as clear-cut murder in a sermon he delivered on August 3, 1941. Some scholars believe that Galen's very public denunciation led Hitler to abandon the "mercy killings" of the mentally ill, aged, disabled, homosexuals, and others. Even so, Galen's opposition was considered an act of treason, and he was only saved from execution because Hitler did not want to risk a public battle with the Catholic church.³⁷

Determined to be more Catholic than the pope, or in this instance,

more anti-anti-Semitic than Yad Vashem, *Wikipedia* concludes its entry with a version *argumentum ad silentium* which has been the standard form of Jewish calumny ever since Rolf Hochhuth used it against Pope Pius XII in his 1963 play *Der Stellvertreter*:

Despite Galen's opposition to National Socialism, he nonetheless believed Germany was the last bulwark against the spread of godless Bolshevism. Parts of a sermon he gave in 1943 were used by the Nazis to aid in the enlistment of Dutch men to voluntarily join the SS. Galen feared that German Catholics were being relegated to second-class status in Hitler's Germany and believed Hitler was missing the point that the Catholic Church and the state could be aligned against Bolshevism. Galen's selective opposition to elements of National Socialism never amounted to solidarity with excluded groups such as the Jews, and while he spoke out against the euthanasia project he was silent on other issues such as the roundup, deportation and mass murder of Jews.³⁸

Like Stepinac, Bishop Graf von Galen was beatified but never canonized. To his credit, Pope Benedict XVI officiated at Graf von Galen's beatification ceremony on October 9, 2005. Unlike the case of Stepinac, we know that the Serbs



were not responsible for derailing his canonization. The *Wikipedia* entry we cited above gives some indication who *was* responsible.

Were Cardinals Hlond, Graf von Galen and Stepinac anti-Semites? The answer is no. Each man in his own way was a patriot in his own country trying to maintain a balance between patriotism and resistance when his government attempted to impose alien racial concepts on the Catholic faithful. The term anti-Semitism was popularized by the German revolutionary Wilhelm Marr in his book *Der Sieg des Judentums ueber das Germanentum*, a book published in 1879. Anti-Semitism is by definition a racial ideology. It claims that Jews were condemned to antisocial behavior by their DNA.

When Cardinal Hlond wrote the sentence, "When divine mercy enlightens a Jew to sincerely

accept his and our Messiah, let us greet him into our Christian ranks with joy,” he was not expressing racial hatred; he was expressing the opposite of anti-Semitism. He was in fact preaching the gospel, which states that Jews can be saved, in spite of the role they played in killing Christ and rejecting the Logos, if they accept Baptism. This is what St. Peter said to the Jews of Jerusalem at the beginning of the Acts of the Apostles, it is what we need to say today if we hope to be successful in our crusade against the ongoing sexualization of our culture in general and things like pornography and sex education in particular.

In the summer of 2017, the joint Serb-Croat commission kicked the ball back into the pope’s court. Before beginning, it was agreed that the commission would work for only one year, that there would be six meetings in total, the first and last in the Vatican, while the other four were to alternate between Catholic and Orthodox centers. The Commission concluded that “various events, speeches, writings, silences, and views are still subject to different interpretations. In the case of Cardinal Stepinac, the interpretations that were predominantly given by Catholic Croats and Orthodox Serbs remain divergent.”

To claim that the ball was back in Pope Francis’s court ignores the fact that the pope relies on underlings in the Vatican bureaucracy to make things happen, and that the same underlings had driven Ratzinger from the papacy when he was Pope Benedict XVI and had tried to reign in their financial malfeasance. In this instance, the man who received the decision of

the Serb-Croat commission and relayed it to the pope was Vatican Secretary of State, Pietro Cardinal Parolin, a man who was heavily involved in the Balkans on another matter of importance in the former Yugoslavia, along with Cardinals Ouellet, Schoenborn, Herranz, Tomko, and others.

On February 11, 2017, Cardinal Parolin issued a press communiqué regarding the appointment of a special envoy for Medjugorje.³⁹ On November 1, 2017, four months after the expected conclusion of the joint Serb-Croat commission on the canonization of Cardinal Stepinac, Parolin held a press conference in the Great Hall of the Croatian Catholic University of Zagreb, announcing a change of policy with regard to Medjugorje, the village in Bosnia-Herzegovina which has been the site of alleged Marian apparitions since 1981. Parolin began his statement by referring to an encounter on his flight from Rome to Split with a “big group of pilgrims who were traveling to Medjugorje” who expressed “great interest” in the alleged apparitions. “As far as I know,” Parolin continued:

there was a great gathering for the youth held this summer in that place. You know that the Commission for Naturally, when it comes to the supernatural character of the events in Medjugorje, investigation of this phenomenon was established and this Commission filed and submitted their results to the Holy Father. At the same time there is the whole issue regarding pastoral care taking place in Medjugorje, which is of the highest interest at the moment considering the number of pilgrims who are coming there. Therefore, it was the desire of the

Holy See to help regulate that phenomenon, so all faithful who are coming to Medjugorje could listen to the Word of God, celebrate the sacraments, and thus have an authentic experience of faith. Archbishop Hoser was recently appointed for that purpose, precisely so that he could study the issue of pastoral care at the site and inform the Holy See about the situation, but again I am emphasizing it was all with the purpose of responding to the challenges of the pastoral care. The goal was to gather as much information as possible and see which would be the following step in that matter to be undertaken.⁴⁰

Evoking the needs of pilgrims allowed his eminence to sidestep all of the embarrassing facts surrounding the “apparitions” themselves and focus on pastoral concerns instead, in what was a classic example of misdirection. During a period of time which stretched from March 28, 2017 to September 13, 2020, Hoser met with Peric, the ordinary of the Diocese of Mostar in which Medjugorje is located, a total of eight times. During those meetings, Hoser most certainly discovered that Peric had condemned the “apparitions” as a fraud, as his predecessor Pavao Zanic had done, and that neither ordinary had changed his mind—not Zanic before his death, and not Peric before his retirement in the summer of 2020.

In a statement which can be found on the official website of the Diocese of Mostar-Duvno, Peric explained in no uncertain terms, “The position of this Chancery throughout all this time has been clear and resolute: this is not an authentic apparition of the Blessed Virgin Mary.”⁴¹

In its rush to respond to “the challenges of pastoral care,” the Vatican ignored a trail of sexual scandal that had swollen to flood-like proportions over the almost 40 years since the “apparitions” began. That flood of sexual scandal found its culmination in the fall of 2020 when Tomislav Vlasic, the man who had manipulated the seers into saying what he wanted them to say, was excommunicated, years after being defrocked, for continuing to engage in the same

the Blessed Mother’s endorsement and said she made the claim only after Vlasic had pressured her into doing so. Manipulation of this sort automatically disqualified the apparitions according the criteria established in the 18th century by Pope Benedict XIV, but these criteria were ignored by both the Ruini commission, which claimed that the first seven apparitions were authentic (as opposed to the other 70,000 which were not) and by Archbishop Hoser and Car-

explained the situation to Cardinal Ratzinger and Pope John Paul II.

“What did Ratzinger say,” I asked in German to a translator who relayed the message to Zanic in Croatian.

“Ratzinger agreed with me.”

“And what did the pope say?”

“The pope said nothing,” Zanic replied.

We now know why. One year later, the Berlin Wall fell, and two years after that the Soviet Union collapsed. Pope John Paul II had collaborated with Ronald Reagan to bring about the fall of Communism, and he wasn’t going to queer the deal by discrediting what was in effect *Solidarnosz* South in the grand climactic battle of the war against Communism. But, to his credit, Pope John Paul II wasn’t going to endorse Medjugorje either, which is more than we can say about Pope Francis, who started off by saying the Gospa wasn’t a mailman who delivered messages on a daily basis, but ended up sending the Pole Hoser to Medjugorje to take care of pilgrims, which was a euphemistic way of telling him to secure the religious ATM machine that the Bosnian-Herzegovinian village had become.

Medjugorje may have been a bulwark against communism in the 1980s, but by the dawn of the 21st century, it had become a high-powered money laundering operation, in addition to the cesspool of sexual vice and religious fraud that it had always been. I know this because I received the information from a member of the Bosnian parliament who is trying to put an end to the mountain of deception that Medjugorje has become. The money laundering operation operates on deceptive but

"The members of that race can have a higher or lower level of culture, can be white or black, can be divided by oceans ... but essentially they remain the race which comes from God, and which must serve God according to the norms of the natural law and the positive law of God, written in the hearts and souls of men."

sexual and spiritual manipulation which had created Medjugorje in the first place. In the mid-1970s, Vlasic had fathered an illegitimate child with Manda Kozul, who was a Franciscan nun at the time. Vlasic’s troubled conscience led him to fasten himself to the children’s tales of the Gospa as some sort of exoneration of the guilt he felt for abandoning Kozul and the child he had fathered with her.

In the late 1980s, Vlasic pressured “seer” Marija Pavlovic into claiming that the Blessed Mother had endorsed Vlasic’s non-canonical charismatic community in Parma. When presented with evidence of Vlasic’s illegitimate child, Pavlovic quickly retracted

dinal Parolin, who favor pastoral concerns over the truth.

Both Bishop Pavao Zanic, who was the first to expose the “seers” lies and the manipulations of Vlasic and Zovko, and his successor Ratko Peric were true spiritual heirs of Cardinal Stepinac. Both Zanic and Peric fought heroically against the fraudulent apparitions in Medjugorje. For their pains, they have been left twisting in the wind by three successive popes who seem more interested in geopolitics at best and financial chicanery at worst than in the simple truth.

When I met with Bishop Zanic at the chancery office in Mostar in 1988, he told me that he had just returned from Rome, where he had

fairly simple terms. Medjugorje is full of Italian “charitable” organizations which have been allowed to set up operations by the local Franciscans in spite of the opposition of the local bishop. Italian businessmen make large contributions to these “charities,” receiving significant tax breaks as a result. Instead of going to any charitable purpose, the money is then used to build a gas station, or a restaurant, or a hotel to house that village’s many pilgrims, providing a cash flow which returns to its source in Italy as a handsome return on investment.

The last time I spoke with Bishop Peric, he told me that during the war which followed the break-up of Yugoslavia, the local Franciscans created the “Hercegovačka banka” or Bank of Herzegovina. One of the ten founders of that bank was Fr. Ivan Sevo, OFM, a member of the Provincial council of the Franciscan Province of Herzegovina, which had a 2.5 percent stake in the bank. The Chancery Office of the Diocese had no account or anything to do with the bank. In 2001, the international community raided the bank twice, thereby ruining it completely.

During the same period of time, financial scandals erupted at the Vatican Bank, otherwise known as the *Instituto Opere Religioso* or IOR. The man who emerged from the center of this network of financial corruption was Angelo Cardinal Becciu, who served under Cardinal Parolin as *sostituto* (or chief of staff) at the Secretariat of State from 2011 to 2018. Becciu was appointed prefect of the Congregation for Causes of the saints from 2018 until September 24, 2020, when Pope Francis fired him as prefect and stripped him of his pre-

rogatives as cardinal, accusing him of “embezzlement and nepotism.”⁴² Shortly after the Vatican issued a warrant for his arrest, Becciu made the news again when he was accused of sending close to a million euros to Australia to suborn witnesses so that they could make false charges of child abuse against George Cardinal Pell, who was involved in Vatican finance reform.⁴³ In his battle to bring transparency to Vatican financial dealings, Pell was an ally to Josip Cardinal Bozanic, archbishop of Zagreb, who was a cautious man, careful to nei-

Masses not to be linked to the alleged apparitions.”⁴⁴ The strategists behind the Medjugorje money machine never sought approval. Instead, they promoted a wait and see policy which derailed any investigation into the facts of the situation but allowed for continued pilgrimages with the Church’s tacit approval being given in the name of pastoral care. This is precisely what happened under Pope Francis, and given the nature of Bozanic’s statements, it is difficult not to see him as the architect of the pastoral care option. Over the years,

Vlasic's troubled conscience led him to fasten himself to the children's tales of the Gospa as some sort of exoneration of the guilt he felt for abandoning Kozul and the child he had fathered with her.

ther affirm nor deny the authenticity of the apparitions in Medjugorje. Bozanic gave his tacit but not explicit approval to the apparitions by misrepresenting the 1990 statement of the Yugoslav Bishops’ Conference as stating “they cannot speak about the supernatural of Medjugorje, but neither have they denied it” and totally ignoring the condemnation issued by Bishop Ratko Peric years later.

Bozanic later articulated what became Rome’s position after Bergoglio became pope when he wrote “Still today, we do not wish to give our judgment, because we do not have sufficient argument although we do not deny people the right to pray there or to go on pilgrimage. We desire that, what is given there, be a true catholic doctrine, but for

Bozanic perfected the technique of speaking out of both sides of his mouth when it came to Medjugorje. On February 22, 2004, *Glas Koncila*, the official newspaper of the Croatian Catholic Church, reported that Bozanic had given the following response to a question about Medjugorje asked by a student at the 7th Secondary School in Zagreb:

The Cardinal said that, as believers, we are not obliged to believe in private revelations, and that for now we cannot speak about something supernatural, but that the Church has not denied Medjugorje either. The Church, said Cardinal Bozanic, still has not sufficient argument to pronounce itself about the apparitions themselves. “We see that, in

Medjugorje, people receive various graces, and this is why everything that is offered to the faithful there must be according to the Catholic doctrine”, underlined the Cardinal and added that, “as for now, nobody is obliged to believe in the apparitions of Medjugorje.”⁴⁵

Bozanic’s live-and-let-live attitude ignored the lies, deception, and sexual scandals associated with the apparitions. In claiming that “the Church has not denied Medjugorje either,” Bozanic also ignored the condemnations issued by both Bishop Zanic and Bishop Peric, as well as the negative judgment which the Yugoslavian Bishops’ Conference issued in 1990. More importantly, his live-and-let-live attitude provided cover for the financial interests behind the “apparitions,” and allowed them to continue to fleece unsuspecting pilgrims. Unlike Bishop Peric of Mostar, who suspended Jozo Zovko for sexual misconduct, Cardinal Bozanic allowed Zovko, the other Franciscan who collaborated with Vlasic in fabricating the “apparitions” of the Gospa, to use the diocese of Zagreb’s Catholic TV station to promote Medjugorje. Bishop Zanic revoked Zovko’s faculties as a priest in the Diocese of Mostar in 1989. Five years later, Zanic’s successor Ratko Peric removed his faculties for hearing confession after Zovko was accused of sexually molesting several females on pilgrimage to Medjugorje, but in December 2011, Zovko found a home in the Diocese of Zagreb under Cardinal Bozanic where he is a frequent guest on the local Catholic TV station.⁴⁶

Becciu, needless to say, was prefect of the Congregation for the



Causes of the Saints during the crucial period when Cardinal Stepinac’s canonization got stalled. Since he was heavily involved in financial wheeling and dealing, it is more than likely that Becciu had more important things on his mind than the cause of Blessed Aloysius Stepinac.

The joint Serb-Croat commission on the canonization ended on a hopeful note:

With the conclusion of the commission, the path to the canonization of Cardinal Stepinac is fully open. The proper requisites in place, it is in the hands of the Congregation for the Causes of Saints, and then will go to Pope Francis for approval. It is believed the announcement of his canonization could take place soon.

Hope is a theological virtue which “springs eternal” in the human breast, but it seems totally unwarranted in the case of Cardinal Stepinac, whose cause is now caught up in the same web of Vatican intrigue and financial malfeasance which sank the papacy of Pope Benedict XVI and threatens to do the same to Pope Francis. What else can you expect when someone as sinister as Cardinal

Becciu is expected to pass judgment on a heroic figure like Cardinal Stepinac? Can you expect honesty in investigating his cause or courage in defending a man who suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Communists only to have his canonization abandoned by fellow Catholic bishops who were more interested in money and good relations with the Church’s traditional enemy than in the truth? Can you expect Cardinal Parolin, the man who used pastoral concerns to save the Medjugorje money laundering operation, to guide two of the most contentious groups on the face of the earth to a consensus on one of the most contentious periods in their shared history? No, you can’t. But both Croats and Serbs should take consolation from this sad story. This was never about them. It was about the people who used their ancestral dispute as cover for their own malfeasance.



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BULLETS

|| How many more atom bombs would the U.S. have dropped but for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg?

|| “Catholicism is a way of life for Biden,” says CNN; “it’s much more than a cultural identity for the 78-year-old President-elect.” Then he can’t plead ignorance when flouting the Church’s moral teachings.

|| Would the deaths of 6,000,000 Jews be acceptable if they were killed by abortion?

|| Stop the Presses: winless Vanderbilt staged a historic publicity stunt, using a woman to squib a kickoff to open the second half of a Power Five football game that it lost 41-0.

|| Everybody Must Get Stoned. Voting largely along party lines, the House of Representatives voted to remove marijuana from the schedule of controlled substances and to instead regulate and tax legal cannabis sales. All the better to ensure a docile populace.

|| Dexter Van Zile’s now Shillman Research Fellow at CAMERA. Shillman? Seems appropriate.

|| D.C.’s Wilton Cardinal Gregory won’t deny communion to President Biden, who champions abortion, saying Joe received communion for eight years as V.P. and “I’m not going to veer from that.” Cardinal Gregory is a fitting successor to Cardinals Wuerl and McCarrick.

|| Cardinal Gregory blasted the K of C for hosting President Trump at the St. John Paul II Shrine but he’ll give Holy Communion to President Biden? As EMJ asks, “Is the Church the Democratic Party at prayer?”

|| Would Cardinal Gregory punish a priest who denied Biden communion due to the public scandal

created by his policies on abortion?

|| President Trump should release all Kennedy assassination records before leaving office. Instead, he’ll leave riding a wave of executions.

|| Murder, Inc. The U.S. murdered Iranian Gen. Qasem Soleimani. Israel murdered Iranian nuclear scientist Mohsen Fakhrizadeh. Neoncon

warmonger Max Boot, a Russian-born Jew and rabid supporter of Israel, suggests this will bring Iran to the negotiating table. Iran will disarm itself to protect itself from murderers?

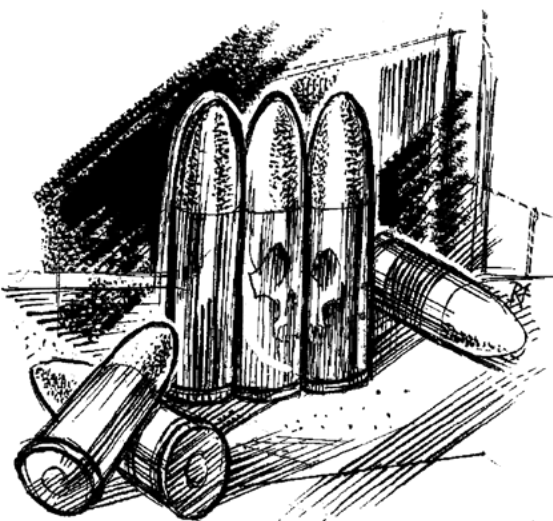
|| An attack on the family is an attack on the Trinity.

|| Looking for happiness in all the wrong places: Tony Hsieh proved you can’t buy, sell, or inhale happiness.

|| “My son, my family, will not be involved in any business, any enterprise, that is in conflict with or appears to be in conflict with where there’s appropriate distance from the presidency and government,” Joe Biden told CNN. Surely Hunter Biden would never trade on the family name.

|| The Vatican nativity scene is a fitting symbol of this papacy.

|| People Have Priority Over Property. “Hunger is chronic, at levels not seen in decades,” says the *Washington Post*. “The result is a growing subset of Americans who are stealing food to survive.” Per the Catechism of the Catholic Church, “there is no theft if consent can be presumed or if refusal is contrary to reason and the universal destination of goods. This is the case in obvious and urgent ne-



cessity when the only way to provide for immediate, essential needs (food, shelter, clothing . . .) is to put at one’s disposal and use the property of others.”

|| Grand Inquisitor & Executioner. Xavier Becerra will lead the Biden Administration’s anti-Catholic Inquisition as well as its efforts to slaughter pre-born children.

|| The Constitution doesn’t require a state to award its electoral college votes to “the winner of the state’s vote,” says the *NY Times* but the possibility of a state’s not doing so “seemed ‘outlandish a few years ago’ but ‘less outlandish today’ due to Trump’s efforts to stay in office. But the *Times* earlier endorsed the National Popular Vote Interstate Compact by which states agree to award all their electoral votes to the candidate who wins the national vote rather than the state’s. Is that outlandish?

|| Ellen Elliot Page has replaced Bruce Caitlyn Jenner as Hollywood’s favorite gender dystopian. They are co-starring in an inter-generational mistaken identity tragedy.

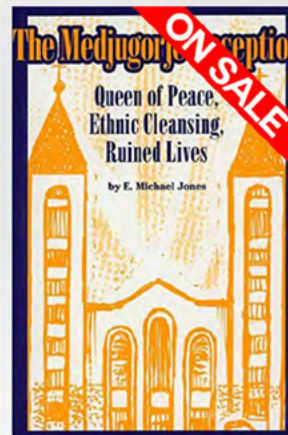
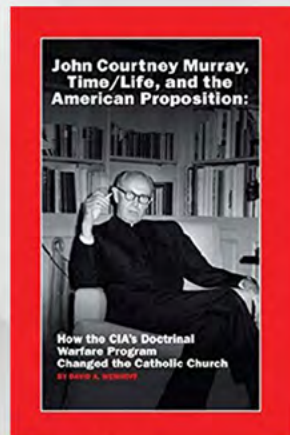
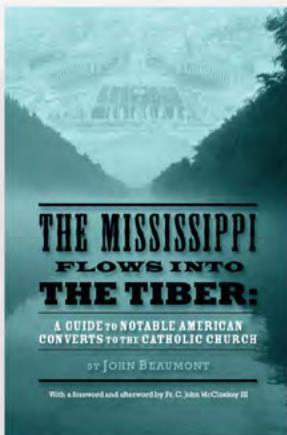
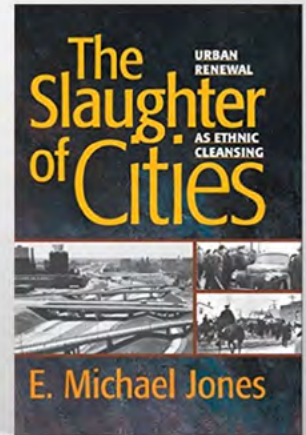
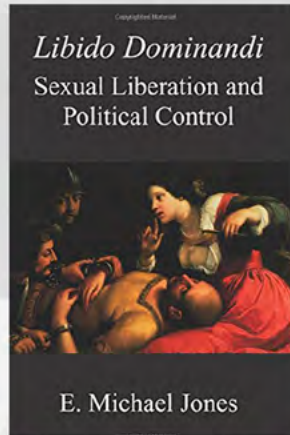
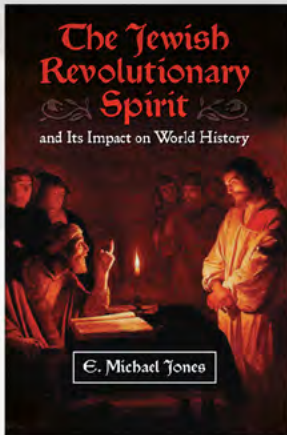
|| Pray for Joe Biden’s conversion.



JAMES G. BRUEN, JR.
cwbullets@yahoo.com



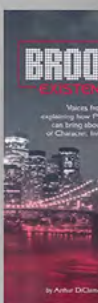
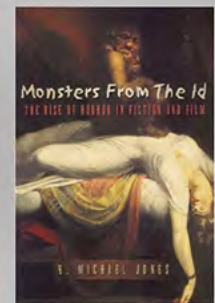
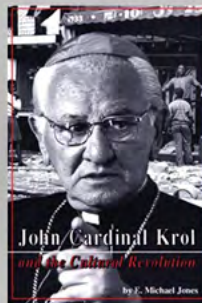
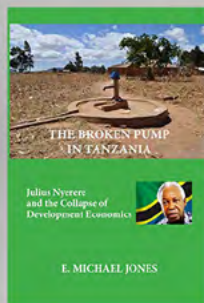
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